

THE
Player's Tragedy.
OR,
Fatal Love,
A NEW
NOVEL.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by *Ran-*
dal Taylor, near *Statio-*
ner's Hall. 1693.



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The Epistle Dedicatory, to James Wilson Esq;

Honour'd Sir,

THE presumption of Dedicating this Novel to you, may perhaps be thought the effect of the Assurance of an Author, having not the Happiness to be known to you, yet is that Guilt (if any) abundantly its own justification; since Public Merit, as well, as Public Infamy, is free to the consideration of all men; and when you had once given so many proofs of your Virtues, and Generous Inclinations, you gave ev'ry Man a right to Praise, and Admire them. If I have anticipated the Duty of your Friends

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*Friends, 'tis their fault alone, in
letting a Stranger pay the first Public
acknowledgments, due from all Lo-
vers of Excellence.*

*The World, indeed, will judge
what a Stranger says, to be more
sincere, since that must be the result
of Public Fame, whose good word is
never purchas'd but by Public De-
serts, whereas a Friend may be
suspected of Bribery, and of sacrific-
ing to Gratitude, not Truth. I
must confess the Altar I offer my
Vows at, deserves a Nobler Victim,
but I was too jealous of the Honour
of being the first that cast an Oſſering
of the Muses at your Feet, to delay
it till time had furnish'd me with
one more worthy your acceptance; and
the Gods themselves, had not always
their Temples smoking with the August
Sacrifices of Bulls with their gilded
Horns, but often receiv'd the hum-
ble Oblation of a poor grain of Corn.
As Tibullus pleads with his Patron
Messala.*

— Alcides

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— *Alcides* Deus ascensus olumpum,

Læta Molorchæis posuit vestigia tectis ;
Parvaque cælestes pacavit mica, nec
illis

Semper in aurato *Taurus* cedit *Hostia*
cornu.

If the Heav'nly Powers would have accepted no Sacrifice without the awful Pomp of Temples, and Heccatombs of slaughter'd Animals, they must have been for ever without any, for the first Offerings made to 'em, were simple and plain, till time and repetition improv'd them to Solemnity. Thus, Sir, tho' I put this small Trifle under your Patronage ; 'tis not without a design hereafter of endeavouring at something of a greater Excellence, if you permit but this to divert your more leisure and unbended hours ; and then I may give the World a juster Character of You, than I can pretend to do here, where I shall say no more, than what's already known to the conversible part of the Town. But Fame,

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and common Conversation, are too envious, or too regardless observers of Excellence, to be just and particular in their account, passing no farther than a superficial view of what's most visible and obvious.

Tet, Sir, the Unanimous Voice of all that know you, allow you the most considerable advantages of Fortune and Nature, Riches and Beauties of Body and Mind. And the Beauties of the Body must be confess'd the Favours of indulgent Nature, since they are not universal, and have such extraordinary Prerogatives annex'd to'em: For they irresistably subdue the Coy Hearts of the Fair Sex; the Noblest Pleasure of the Sons of Adam, and so esteem'd by Heav'n that bestow'd it; and what's more, ravish ev'n the affections of Men, drawing them to partiality ev'n in things otherwise indifferent. So great a Power has an Object grateful to the Eye, on the Judgment of those, who have no after Pleasure in expectation

to

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*to bribe 'em. This is witness'd by the
Divine Maro.*

*Tutatur favor Euryalum, Lachry-
mæque decore,
Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpo-
re virtus.*

*'Tis evident, Sir, I speak not here
of those Female Charms, to which
all the World allow the Title of Beau-
ty, but that Masculine Proportion
in all the Parts and Features of the
Body, that's eminent in your Person.*

*Tho' I have confin'd my self to
Generals, yet those have given me
a Theme of Contemplation, Charming
as the Euthusiastick Raptures of the
biggotted Devotes, when Exalted
Fancy raises them above the World,
for certainly nothing but the highest
influence of a Present Deity cou'd
make any Man embrace Virtue in
this Age, where all the Noble At-
tributes, that dignified Hero's of
Old, and made Men pass for Gods,
are now a most ridiculous jest. To
Act Justly, and Generously is e-
steem'd*

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steem'd no better, than egregiously to play the Fool, and e'ry Cockscomb that has not ev'n Wit enough to be a Rascal, shall shelter himself for his awkerd attempts at Villany, under that of my Lord Rochester, viz. That to act Justly in the World, is to play fair with known Cheats.

In such an Age as this, where e'ry one is satisfy'd to swim down the stream of the general Follies and Vices, to stem the impetuous Current, and be singular in Honour and Generosity, shews you, Sir, to be a bold Man, and gives a Poet hope that you will not be asham'd to espouse the Cause of the deserted Muses, when all pretences to Wit, and Poetry are scandalous, and below the Thoughts of a Gentleman, tho' without the Poets Quill the greatest Actions dye: This Mecænas, Messala, Corvinus, Gallus (both Poet and Patron) and others of the Romans were satisfied in, which made them cherish the Muses, as the surest and most powerful Friends. All

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All the Honours Mæcenas, and Pollio gain'd in Rome, wou'd not have been sufficient to have rescu'd their Memory from the Oblivion Thousands of their Contemporaries are lost in, their Patronage of Virgil, Horace, &c. had not conferr'd Honours on them of a more lasting date

All the Noble Edifices of Augustus Cæsar are perished, yet the Monuments rais'd by Immortal Virgil and Horace, are fresh and gay, and fated to convey that Emperor's Glory to latest Posterity. The Poets rewarding the Generosity of their Patrons, with that Fame their Power cou'd never obtain. The Gifts of Kings are limited to life, but those of Poets reach Eternity. This truth inspir'd one as dull as my self with this Noble thought.

When Nature does design some
mighty thing,
She makes a Poet, or at least a
King.

The

The Epistle Dedicatory.

The most Ingenuous of the Roman Nobility, gave all encouragement to the Muses. But these were but some Great Men of the Empire, and nothing to the Government. But Wit was never taken care of by Publick Authority so much, as by the Grecians of Athens, where a Poem well writ gain'd the Government of a Province, as the Antigone of Sophocles did the Prefecture of Samos. Wit, and Poetry, was there made a National Concern, and in reward of it, the Glory of that Commonwealth has out liv'd its Being many Hundreds of Years already, and is like to be of equal Date with the World.

'Tis Encouragement indeed, that draws the Muses to the Poet's help, for they fly the Poor and Necessitous, hating a Careful and an Anxious Mind, witness Ovid, whose Misfortunes eclips'd the Glory of his writing, which made him say, in his De Tristibus,

Carmina

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Carmina proveniunt animo diducta
fereno, And
Nec venit ad duros Musa vocata
Getas.

They seem to have a tincture of that Sex, they are represented of, and are such Mercenary followers of Ease and Pleasure, that they can't be won but by the highest force to the Embraces of the unfortunate. To this we owe the mighty Products of Antiquity, The Works of Sophocles, Euripides, Virgil, Horace, and the rest of the sacred Quire of Poets; and the reason of our falling short of their Excellence, is, because we have no Encouragement: For Martial was much in the right on't, when he said, Sint Mæcenates non deerunt Flacce Marones.

*But I speak not all this to plead for all the ignorant, and vain Poeta-
sters of the Times, who, by success
with the ill Palates of incompetent
Judges, challenge the Name of Poets,
I am so far from pleading for this
Race, that I think they find too much
encourage-*

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encouragement already, and with Horace I agree, that they merit not so much as the Name of a Poet.

Descriptas servare vices operumq; colores,
Cur ego si nequeo ignoroq; Poeta salutor.

But Sir, I hope you'll pardon this Digression occasion'd by the Consideration of the Vices of the Age, and the opposition of your Virtues to 'em, which made me hope that you wou'd arise the Muses Friend, amidst this great and general neglect of them; not that I dare presume to put in for any share in Parnassus, at least by this performance, so irregular, and incorrect; Tho' the Subject will be some excuse, that obliging not to so severe, and Regular a Dress, as a more solid matter wou'd require; Love, and the softer dalliances with the Fair, are pleas'd with a more loose, and negligent Garb; in which, if it contribute at all to your Diversion, it will be the height of my Ambition, and Design, who am Sir,

Your Humble Servant.

THE.

THE INTRODUCTION.

PLAYERS, however contemptible they may seem to some of our Modern Virtuoso's, were in greater esteem among the Romans of Old; Roscius was an intimate Friend and Acquaintance of Crassus the Orator, and Æsopus so great with Cicero, that in his Letter to Marius, he calls him my Æsopus. The Roman Emperours too sometimes valu'd themselves on their Excellence in the Historionical Art, and to give them the Title of the best Actors, was more acceptable, than of the Greatest Conquerours. And indeed, the Title may fit the Noblest Hero, since all Mankind are Actors in the Stage of Life, as Petronius assures us.

But if Custom has now render'd the Familiarity and Conversation of

B Players

Players more scandalous to the precise in the decorums of Quality, and Vertue, than of Old; yet Love, that mighty Leveller, has kept up their esteem among the Amorous of both Sexes; the Ladies, and the Cavaliers, since the Glorious restoration of the Theatre, meeting with more agreeable Objects on the Stage, than in the Boxes, or the Pit, the Parks, or the Drawing-Room.

I hope therefore, that I shall gratifie the Young and the Gay of both Sexes, in Presenting them with this following Narrative; at least I'm confident they can't think the Subject unworthy their perusal, since they think themselves the most happy in the affections of Nymphs and Hero's of the Theatre, the two Chief of which compose our present Entertainment.

Being thus fortify'd in my Undertaking, by the Authority of the Roman Oratours, and Emperours, and the Practice of the Beaux E'prits of our Age, I shall now proceed to my Relation,
only

only premising, that I must beg the Critical Reader's Pardon, if I run not to the Head and Original of the Heroine of my History, since I have two Reasons that deter me from it: First, the uncertainty I should be involv'd in, which might make me derogate from them I ought to Magnifie. Next, because I propose only one Great Action as my aim; to which, all I have to say is conducive. 'Tis the Fatal End of their Amours, not their Lives, that I here pretend to attempt in this Novel, having furnish'd my self with the best Information I could get, to render it perfect, and satisfactory.

THE
 Players Tragedy.
 OR,
 Fatal Love.

B *Racilla* the Young, and the Charming, that had grown up on the Stage, amidst the perpetual Addresses of her Admirers, and yet seem'd insensible of all the Efforts of Love, as if Heaven had given her Charms to enflame the Heart, without any Compassion to Redress those Miseries her Eyes daily caused to all that beheld her, is believ'd at last, to have found all her cold indifference melt at the secret and well-mannag'd Advances of *Monfredo's* Love.

How

How happy she made him in private I shall not dare to Divine; yet the Publick Favours she bestow'd, discover'd she cou'd ill conceal the Passion she had entertain'd for him, in whom a Wife had so Powerful a Claim. Nor could he better dissemble his affection on all occasions, espousing her Interest and Affairs with a Zeal and Concern beyond the Engagements of a bare and unbiass'd Friendship; which neither had, nor hop'd a more near and close Obligation.

If *Bracilla* was deaf before to all those who were dying at her feet for Love, she now grew even rude, and uncivil, especially in *Monfredo's* presence, in which there seem'd to be an aw upon her Actions, for fear of provoking the Jealousie or neglect of a Lover she valu'd. Whether this were the true Cause of this or no, I'll not pretend to determine; but this I'm sure was esteem'd so, not only by those whom their Love of her had made narrow Observers of her Actions, but also by others, to whom both her and her Actions were as indifferent as their mutual indiscretion would permit.

This discovery of the happy Rival, that made all her other Adorers sigh in vain, created *Monfredo* a great many Enemies, and those of the most dangerous kind, Despairing and Neglected *Lovers*, who cou'd not but be provok'd to see him bear off that Prize from them, for which, as a Marry'd Man, he seem'd so very ill qualified.

I must confess how much Marriage may unqualifie a Man to the Pretensions to the Ladies I know not, but for all things else there never was a Man better made for success with them; for he was Handsom, cou'd Sing, Dance, and Play on the Musick, had a Manly presence, and yet a soft Ef-feminacy in his face, that cou'd not but render him agreeable to the wanton dalliances of the Fair. The Play-House had furnish'd him with a smattering in Poetry, and a qualification much more taking with his Female, as well as Male Acquaintance; a forward and bold Assurance, both in Love, and Conversation; he knew his whole stock of Wit, and valu'd it to the heighth, and always set it off to its greatest advantage. He had the Reputation of

Writing

Writing three or four Plays, and therefore 'tis no wonder he carry'd *Bracilla* from all the *Poets*, and her other Admirers, since he pleaded in a double capacity, as *Player*, and *Poet* too. So that it was no easie matter for any one to gain the Fort he had won, and Garrison'd so well ; and the *Poets*, whose *Love* and *Perseverance* are as volatile as their Wits, soon gave over the Siege ; but the Unfortunate *Montano* was too far engag'd to have it in his power to retreat, tho' he saw with how unequal a force he contended, yet Love fixt him before her, and he hop'd all the Batteries he had rais'd of Sighs and Vows, and a constant attack of daily attendance, and officiousness, wou'd at last win the most impregnable Fortress.

Montano indeed had the advantage of Merit, but that is never regarded by Womankind ; was a Gentleman, young, and gay, and who offer'd her a Heart entire, and never acquainted with any Love but hers ; whilst *Monfredo*, had been lavish of his stock of Love for several years, had dy'd at the feet of not a few, and given away himself, by all the Oaths and Vows of perpetual Adoration of a protesting

B 4

Lover,

Lover, to more than her. *Montano* had not yet seen Nineteen, and was now perishing in the bloom of his Youth for her, whereas *Monfredo* had pass'd above Thirty Years, and by the several changes of his Affections, had discover'd, that his Heart wou'd never break for Love ; yet *Montano* sigh'd in vain, with all his Youth and Passion, whilst *Monfredo* was happy with less desert.

With indignation our young Souldier (for *Montano* was a Captain in the *Gensdarm's* of the Household) saw himself out-rival'd by a *Player*, and wou'd often have attack'd him as a Souldier ought, had not his Honour curb'd his Passion, by remembring him 'twas below him to use him so much like a Gentleman. This made him for a great while forbear all other Resentment, than the justest and highest contempt of him, still pursuing the flying *Bracilla* with all the assiduity and fire of Love. Each day he came to her to seek a cure for those Wounds she had made in his tender Bosome, and each day he enlarg'd 'em, by beholding the relentless cause of all his sufferings ; which were now arriv'd to that height, that

that he was neither able to bear 'em, nor yet knew how to remove them.

This made him seek out a Noble Youth (the Count *de la Lune*) join'd to him by the strictest bonds of an Honourable Friendship, to lay open his wounded Bosome to him, and the successful attempts of his Passion, and to advise with him how to procure some speedy Remedy for so desperate a Distemper; having found him in the Pit, *Bracilla* not Acting that Night, they retir'd to a Tavern adjoining to the Theatre, where they unexpectedly met with an intimate Friend of both, and one that had been an old experienc'd Souldier in the Wars of *Love*, and who had drawn an abundance of just observations on the Nature of the *Fickle-Sex*, by which he might be serviceable to his younger Friends, that had yet their Youth in store, to fling away in the Ambrous Chase. The Count, and *Montano*, were both glad to see him at that juncture, when his Advice wou'd be so serviceable to our Lover. They being therefore retir'd into the most private Room in the Tavern, they had scarce Drunk a Glass about, before *Gerardo* (for that was

the Name of him just mention'd) observ'd the melancholly sighs of *Montano*, and ask'd whether he were not in Love? That indeed is his unhappy circumstance (*reply'd the Count*) and that with a very coy and unkind Nymph, that's deaf to all his Prayers, and, tho of the Play-House, will not be won by *Money*, nor *Youth*. That's a Miracle indeed (*return'd Gerardo*) but pray, who is this invincible *Amazon*, that will not yield to my Friend *Montano*? *Bracilla* (*reply'd the Count*) who in my opinion hath hath nothing taking but her Youth, and affected Coyness. That Coyness (*said Gerardo*) I can tell you the cause of, which though it be not due to her Vertue, is at least to her Constancy in Love, *Monfredo* having taken Possession of her heart, if report and my own observations fail me not. Prithee, thou art such a living Libel (*reply'd the Count*) that like *Medly* in *Sir Forpling Flutter*, no Woman thou knowest, escapes thee, of how great quality soever, much less an *Actress*, whose Reputation, as well as Person is exposed for the Pleasure, and Diversion of the Audience.

'Tis

'Tis too true (interrupted *Montano*) I have long since found the cause of all my unhappiness in that successful Rival *Monfredo*. She has indeed (pursued the *Count*) been more severe to you of late than formerly, for I remember at first she heard your Address with more pleasure, than pain. True (answered *Montano*) I well remember the happy time, the joy of which is not yet effac'd with all her after Cruelty.

But thou art ignorant (*contin'd* *be*) *Gerardo* of the progress of my Love, I'll therefore repeat it from the beginning, with all its most material circumstances, that you may the better advise me. Do so (*reply'd* *Gerardo*) poor *Lover*, and I'll give thee the best Advice that I'm able, and I warrant I either cure, or satisfy thy Passion, if I have any skill in the Mathematicks. But pray proceed.

I had often seen her Act (*said* *Montano*) without much regard to her Beauty, or Person, more than I had to the rest of those that Acted in Petticoats, a general desire, that began to grow up with my Age, for all the young and pretty of the Sex, till about a year ago. When being enter'd in
Wine

Wine, my Lord the Count here, and I went behind the Scenes. *Bracilla* happen'd to Act that Night, the Wife of an *Unhappy Favourite*, and look'd so Charming in the Expression, of all the Innocence and Passion, her part requir'd, that whilst she well represented *Love* without any, she fir'd my Heart with a real, and not yet extinguish'd flame.

My Lord had much ado to get me away with him when the *Play* was done, and *Bracilla* withdrawn. I swore I was desperately in Love, and my Lord, swore he wou'd drown the foolish Passion in the Liquor that begot it; he was as good as his word, for the Charms of his Conversation, and Humor, and the brisk chafing the Glasses about, made me before Morning, forget not only *Bracilla*, but all things else; till Sleep restor'd me next day, both my memory and pain.

Cou'd I have refrain'd seeing her, I might perhaps have forgot her, but that was already out of my power, I was unsatisfy'd till Play-time, for I had sent my Man to see what Play was Acted that day, and found she had a part in it, and such a part as compleat-
ed

ed my ruine, for she Acted in Man's
Cloaths, a fond pretty innocent Lover.

Being behind the Scenes, the first
opportunity I had——Madam (*said I*)
you act the Lover to a Miracle, and it
became you so wonderfully, that I vow
'tis a thousand pities but you shou'd
be one in reality. I'm not at all oblig'd
to you, Sir, (*reply'd she*) for your wish,
in such an inconstant Interests'd Age
as this is, since it must only contribute
to my certain ruine. Why, Madam,
(*said I*) did you never Love? What
makes you ask that familiar question
(*return'd she something angry, and leaving
me, pursu'd*) whether I have or no, I shall
never Love you I'm sure. The Hea-
vens forbid (*reply'd I, and follow'd her*)
But pardon me, Madam, I design'd not
to affront you by that demand, because
I thought it impossible so much of it
shou'd appear in your bare perso-
nating a Lover, with an absolute insen-
sibility within, and that you shou'd be
so every way compleated for Love, and
yet be without that Blessing of Humane
Life. Sir, (*said she*) if you think this
Discourse pleases me, I shall leave you,
to convince you that it does not.
Not so, I beseech you, Madam, (*an-
swer'd*

swer'd I) rather than lose the Happiness of your Conversation, I'll curb my forward Heart, that is unwilling to let me talk of any thing but its wounds. Alas! poor Gentleman (*replies she, and smil'd*) then you are in Love it seems, and out of pure spite to those that are not so, you endeavour to spread the infection you have caught, or like some troublesome People at a Feast, will needs thrust the Dish you esteem upon every one, never considering that another may hate it. Nay, you Lovers, are still as impertinent, as they, for neither of you will take any denial, which methinks is something troublesome, as well as uncivil. But pray, Sir, (*pursu'd she, without giving me any time to answer*) what Fair Lady has undone you? None of us I dare swear, for then you wou'd not lose your time with me, which you might employ to bend her stubborn Heart. But perhaps, you are a happy Lover, and so can borrow some time from your Mistress, to make Proselytes. If so, (*concluded she*) 'tis pity you shou'd fling it away, and a thousand fine sayings to boot on me, since I vow, Sir, I'm as deaf to that, as the People to Virtue in distress. She

She staid not to hear me, but ran to t'other side of the Stage, and before I cou'd overtake her, was Enter'd. I was extreemly pleas'd with her Discourse, and was impatient till the end of the Act, that I might attack her once more, if it were only to have the satisfaction of talking to her.

But, Madam, (*said I*) but are you indeed so very irreconcilable an Enemy to Love? Why, Sir, (*reply'd she*) shou'd you doubt it? Do you expect to find that on the Stage? We represent too many of its follies to be guilty of them our selves. You shou'd go to some Country Village, where perhaps you may find some believing Roman-tick Virgin, that may gratifie your Curiosity, but you are much mistaken if you think it the growth of the Theatre——Gad the Girl spoke a profound Truth (*interrupted Gerardo*) in that, for the Devil a bit of Love did I ever know there out of their parts, unless when Money made 'em Act that in their own Persons, which they did for the same represent in anothers. But pray proceed——

Ah, Madam, (*said I, continu'd Montano*) banish not the Thoughts of Love

Love-from any place where you abide, for there must still be *Lovers*. Besides, 'tis ingrateful to the little God to slight him, who was the cause of your Being. For my part (*contin'd I*) I shall cherish it, since my self, and all the rest of Mankind, as well as you, owe our Life and Being to it. I shall never grant that, (*return'd she*) unless you can prove, that ev'ry Man and Wife Love one another. Doubtless, Madam, (*answer'd I*) the most disagreeing Couple have their intervals of Dearness. Dearness, (*said she*) Madness you mean—but for Heaven's sake, Sir, no more of this Discourse, since 'tis very much my aversion. Ah, Madam, (*reply'd I*) what can be more proper to talk of to the most Charming of her Sex, than of Love. Love (*answer'd she*) ought not to be mention'd in sober Company, the very symptoms of it confess the Fool, and Mad-man, a thousand antick postures, extravagant sayings, and wishes, as well as preposterous ways, to gain what it pretends to; therefore no more of Love, as you value your Reputation. How, can you, Madam, (*said I*) of all Women condemn that, which at the very
same

same minute you promote in all that see you ; a Pretty Lady condemning *Love*, is like an Usurer railing at Extortion. In short, Madam, you must be less Fair, or not banish Love from the severe and wise, for as long as you have those killing Eyes, those charming Lips, that graceful Person, all that you can say, will be no better defence, against the Darts they cast, than an Harangue against War, wou'd keep a Souldier alive, that was wounded to the Heart.

But it wou'd be endless to repeat all our several Discourses, tho' the repetition of them is some satisfaction to me, since now she'l not so much as give me the liberty, nor opportunity of saying a word to her.

The Play being done, and *Bracilla* gone, and I more desperately in Love than before I talk'd with her, I retir'd home to my Lodging, full of Melancholy, and longing Desire. A thousand Tortures perplex'd my Mind, and Love, tho' so lately born, was grown up already, to the height of impatience : To ease my mind a little, I set my self to writing, and made these Verses on my departure from *Bracilla*.

The

The Departure.

S^O go *sad* Exiles from their Native
 home,
 So went soft Ovid from his much
 lov'd Rome ;
 So our First Parents went, by
 Heav'n hard doom
 From Paradise ! Many a Sigh, and
 longing look
 They sent, and many a mournful
 Farewell took !
 But they, in vain procrastinate their
 woe,
 Since Heaven Ordains it, they alas
 must go.
 So I——But Gods ! with a severer
 Fate !
 Where where were my Crimes to pull
 down this hard state ?
 What Treasons had I done ? --What
 Villany ?
 Into what Prince's Secrets did I
 prye ?
 What want of Love in disobedience
 shown ?
 Or what forbidden Apple aim'd at ?
 None.

Love,

Love, only Love, was all my mighty
fault,

Yet the same doom is my unequal
Lot?

Con'd want of Love their happiness
destroy?

And can't my boundless Store prolong
my fleeting Joy?

No, for among the blest Reserves
above,

Are kept th' uninterrupted Scenes of
Love.

Short are the Moments of our Bliss
below;

But long the wretched Intervals of
Woe.

Whilst with her I full draughts of
Pleasure took,

For all that time was one continu'd
look

I gaz'd upon her Charming Beauties
so,

That fix'd like Marble, there I
seem'd to grow;

'Till a fresh Change was by the Char-
mer done,

Her Words conveying Life, to what
her Eyes made stone.

But

But this small Out-let to my Passion gave it but little ease, a thousand distracting Thoughts turn'd my Mind to e'ry side, not permitting it to fix on any thing, yet all tended to the Contrivance of the satisfaction of my too impatient desires.

Bracilla, with all her numberless Charms, was still before my Eyes, but after I had thought, and thought a thousand times how to obtain that minute her Embrace, but to no purpose; I went to Bed, resolving to think on her no more, that I might find some rest and ease in sleep, and shut my Eyes, yet she was still before 'em: I tost, and tumbled from side to side, to seek out ease and sleep, but they had quite forsook me. Then I got up, unable to lie any longer, and walk'd about my Room, where she walk'd with me, with all her hidden Charms laid open to me by the Night. Now lies *Bracilla* thought I in Bed, perhaps asleep, divested of all her waking Frowns, an easie Prey, were I but in the Room to seize it; I'll away, and Scale her Windows, and surprize her, but then fear may frustrate all my hop'd for joy, and leave her dead within my
longing

longing Arms; or I may be taken in the wild attempt, and punish'd for a robber, before I've got my Booty--- I then took a Book to read, to try if that would divert my Pain, but all the Letters made nothing but her Name, or Charms.

Thus I wore out most part of the Night, 'till quite spent with the continual Conflicts of my passion, I once more laid me down to sleep, and by day break I fell into a slumber, and wak'd not 'till Twelve a Clock; then I got up, and taking my Pen, Ink, and Paper, I began to write a Letter to her in this manner.

Madam,

WILL you still be deaf to all my my Sighs? And give me no kind hope of once having a more favourable return? How can you forbid me to Love you, since Love is the Tribute and revenue of Beauty, and he that views one so Charming and Beautiful as you, without Love, is guilty of the Crying Sin of defrauding you of that share of your revenue. I thank my Stars, Madam, I have not that weighty Crime lies on my Conscience, since I paid your Beauty my whole stock

stock of Love, as soon as my Eyes beheld it. Tell me not that I should have lov'd you silently, without informing you of my Passion, for how then would you have known that I pay'd that Tribute to your Beauty which I ow'd it : Besides, 'tis prudence to take a Receipt, when we pay a Debt. I by confessing my Passion for you, acquit my self of that Love was due to you : But mistake me not, Madam, for this Acquittance is no longer in force, than I continue to adore you ; for when I cease to Admire, and doat on the Charms of Bracilla, I then immediately am as far indebted to your Beauty as ever, defrauding it of that Tribute which I shou'd always be paying, and you always receiving. This Acquittance therefore, Madam, is only to justify my self, that I have, and do still, and always shall love you.

Montano.

I sent this away immediately to her Lodging by my Man, who not being known to the People of the House, they receiv'd it, and carry'd it up to her ; and my Man thinking he had done his business, came away without any Answer, which made me send this following

following Letter again by him, to
her.

Madam,

THE Sottish Ignorance of my Man,
makes me so uneasy, by his coming
away without knowing how you receiv'd
my Letter, has made me trouble you with
this, for I'm impatient 'till I know how
you'll dispose of the most unfortunate of
Men. If you prove too severe, and un-
kind. Ah! Madam, think not that Se-
verity and Coyness will deliver you from
my Adresses; assure your self, Madam,
you must be won, value not therefore so
much your indifference, since I have Con-
stancy enough to vanquish ten times greater
(if possible) indifference than yours. I
shall never think my time either ill spent,
or tedious, that I spend in the pursuit of
so Charming a Lady as you. Will you
make me sigh whole years for you? I can't
spend my time more agreeably, than pres-
sing my Love, and my Suffrings to Bra-
cilla, except in your Arms. Will you
afford me no favour? I'll hang on your
Cruelty, 'till you are forc'd to give me
some relief. Will you oppose my happiness
by Rivals? By the assiduity of my Adress
I'll make them all forsake you, and de-
spair of ever attaining the merits of my
constant

constant Services. In short, Madam, take what side you will, I'll weary out your indifference, and time after time pursue you so close with continual Adress, Constant Faith, and daily Tenderneſs, and Respects, that you shall have no way to turn your self from my Endeavours; so that at last you shall be oblig'd to Love me again for your own ease, your resistance being quite weary'd: So that, Madam, you had better at first begin, and Love on the square, and have not all those fruitless Sighs, and Languishing Hours I must spend in breaking your Cruelty to answer for, since you must at last Love me, and by consequence, repent your severity to

Montano.

My Man soon after brought me this Answer, which, tho' not so kind as I desir'd, yet better satisfy'd me than none, since I had then some hope she wou'd not always be so cold in them.

Sir,

THis is the first, and the last Letter you are like to have from me, and this only to keep you from troubling me with any more of yours, which shall never be

be more receiv'd. And I'm confident this can be no great trouble to you, since you have so good an assurance to comfort you, that you shall once be happy, in some other Woman than you I promise, but never in Bracilla.

I took these for words of course, and what Women will say at the beginning of an Intrigue, forswear what they design to do. But to oblige her to receive my next Letter, I wou'd not send it by my Man, but by the Post, and disguis'd my hand as much as possible, nor did I Subscribe my Name at the bottom, that she might read it over, at least, if she return'd no Answer: And this way I was resolv'd to ply her, in absence with Letters, and not to miss the Play-House e'ry Night when she Acted, or was there, to press my business by word of Mouth too. Nor cou'd I at any time find any very great aversion in her to Discourse with me, 'till about a week after this last Letter, when she began to avoid me, and to be very uncivil to me, especially if *Monfredo* were present, or in the House; this made me write this Letter to her.

C

Madam,

Madam,

Since I have been your declar'd Admirer, I have indeed made a wondrous progress in your Afflictions. You'll now be no more alone with me, even behind the Scenes; you'll permit me no more to touch that Admirable Person, nor to speak one word of such indifferent matters to you. I have, you see, Madam, made a prodigious advancement in my Amour; when you retrench even those small permissive Favours, you let me enjoy before I deserv'd them. This remarkable ill Treatment I receive from you, gives me at least this Satisfaction; that the Nicer and Shyer you are of my Company, and the more publick severity you use toward me, the more you will proclaim my Love for you to the World. It will be believ'd there has pass'd more than ordinary, seeing that you use me so scurvily: Nay, it will be thought that you wou'd not be so unreasonably severe, if you had not a Love for me. But, Madam, for your own sake, you shou'd not thus publish our secret Commerce, and you ought to allow me some Favours, to preserve your Reputation. But shou'd I be more furnish'd with discretion than you? Is this a manner you may say, for a Lover

to sue to his *Mistriss* in? You are free, Madam, to admire the vast difference betwixt mine, and the common vulgar *Maximes*. Others, perhaps, that have little regard to the Honour of the Fair ones they worship, wou'd for these Reasons desire a continuance of these Rigours; but I, Madam, that love your Reputation, as well as Person, desire you for your own sake, to use me with more kindness, since I am no Lover of those Publick Trophies of a *Mistresses* Favour, which are not gain'd without the expence of her Honour; to be thought therefore, Madam, to Love me less, you must use me with less severity, at least in the Eyes of the World.

Montano.

I sent this, and several other Letters, but to no purpose, no Answer cou'd I hear of all my Discourses, or Letters to her. I pursu'd her day after day, and night after night, but all to no purpose; I gain'd no ground; but she grew e'ry day more pettish, and rude in my Company, if I forc'd her a little to hear me. I omitted nothing to oblige her; for understanding 'twas her Birth-day, I invited some of her Friends, and her too, tho' she wou'd

not come, to a Collation, for the solemn Celebration of it; and in the Night, since she refus'd to Feast her pretty Mouth at my expence, I resolv'd she shou'd her Ears; and therefore had the *Serenade* I'de prepar'd, Sung under her Lodging, which was this of my own making; for Love had Converted me from a Souldier, to a Poet, as a more agreeable livery to the slavery I was in to *Bracilla's* Eyes.

The Serenade.

I.

D ID you my Fair BRACILLA Live,
 Where Frozen Nature ne'er inspires
 Soft Love, or thaws to warm desires;
 Yet sure you must some PITY give
 To one Condemn'd to so severc a Fate,
 To bear the rigour of the Night, and what's far more
 (your HATE.

II.

Bright Lovely Charmer lay aside
 This Useless, this Ingrateful Pride;
 That all MY Happiness destroys,
 And Robs THEE of Ten Thousand Joys.
 Let Ancient Tales of One Coy Matron Boast;
 Thy Charms were not bestow'd, to be for Fancy'd
 (Trifles lost.

III. To

III.

To make the Sighing Lover blest,
 Thee Nature in these Glories drest;
 A SIGHT of thee gives mighty Joys,
 Far greater still thy melting VOICE;
 To KISS thee must our Grosser Make refine;
 But Oh! t' ENJOY thee! Oh! 't must make us
 (grow DIVINE.

All was in vain, nor could I possibly
 Divine the Cause of it, 'till some of the
 Actors whisper'd about some suspicions
 of *Monfredo's* greatness with her, and
 his immeasurable Zeal for her Interest,
 to ev'n injustice to others of the House;
 he wou'd not willingly let any one re-
 main in the House, that gave any cause
 to suspect that she wou'd come into
 Competition with *Bracilla* in Excel-
 lence of Acting, and as one of the
 Players inform'd me, on this account,
 under pretence of easing the House of
 unnecessary Charge, prevail'd with the
 Masters, to dismiss *Rogera*, who was a
 very promising Actress, tho' he was
 oblig'd to re-admit her afterwards, to
 make way for the Sister of a Boy that
 waited much on *Bracilla*, and supply'd
 the Place of a Lackey.

Having had these Informations, I began to look on *Monfredo* with a jealous Eye, and observ'd his Actions very narrowly; and found often an intimacy discover it self betwixt 'em, in spite of all their cunning dissimulation. I confess, I often thought of ridding my self of so successful a Rival, who I imagin'd had by far less Merit, and Justice on his side, than I had; but I thought 'twould be a blemish to my Honour to fight a Fellow of his Station, that had no other pretence to a Gentleman, but his Sword, which he permissively, with a great many others wore, without any Right to it.

But I was resolv'd to be as far convinc'd of the Intrigue as I possibly cou'd; and therefore several times had 'em dogg'd home: *Monfredo*, his Wife and *Bracilla*, at whose Lodgings they parted, but some little time after she went abroad again, and being followed to a House a pretty way from her home, *Monfredo* was observed to come thither about a quarter of an hour afterward. This I could not be satisfied of, till I had my self beheld it more, than once, which made me once more send a Letter to her to this effect,

That

That though she us'd me with all that coy Severity, yet I was pleas'd to find her heart not wholly insensible of Love, and that though I was rejected with all that Scorn, yet *Monfredo*, could have a more gentle Aspect when he Convers'd with her; that tho, I was not permitted to speak to her in Publick, he could be allow'd a private Conversation of some Hours, some Nights.

This Letter had no other effect on her, but to make her if possible the more enraged at me than before. But I thought it was because I had not discovered that I knew of the very Place of their Rendezvous. I therefore sent her another by a Woman, and Wrote it in a false hand, to inform her of the very House, and hours I had discovered them to be together in. This made her say, the next Night at the Play, when I again press'd my Passion to her, she wonder'd I cou'd have the face to pretend Love to her, when I presum'd at the same time to raise Scandals on her, and that she should be forc'd to vindicate her Reputation by Law, if I continu'd to asperse her in that manner. I made the best Apology I cou'd, without owning my Letter, which I had not sub-

scrib'd, and wish'd the World had but as much reason to talk of her, and me, as it had of *Monfredo*, and her; that then I shou'd be abundantly happier. But that there wou'd be no cause to apprehend the same consequence from her private Favours to me, since neither Marriage, nor his Passion wou'd afford so many occasions of those Discoveries which *Monfredo's* Circumstances every day produc'd.

All I cou'd say signified just nothing, tho' she left me with more Civility than formerly, and I past a better Night with my Friends, and in Bed, than many a one before.

But as my desire and passion every day encreased, so did the difficulties of gratifying them multiply, which made me unable to support it with that Moderation I ought, so that words often past betwixt *Monfredo*, and my self; but in such places, that the certainty of our being parted, prevail'd with me not to attempt to punish his insolence, that my Revenge, when I gave way to it, should not be baffled by the interposition of others.

My Grief, and Love still increasing,
I Consulted my dear Lord the Count
here,

here, who was always ready to assist me, like a Friend in all things, and with him made many attempts of satisfying my earnest longing, but still without success. In this Condition and State my Love continues 'till this day, 'till meeting to night with my Lord, we came hither, over a Glass to contrive some means of Happiness. And good Fortune brought you hither at the Critical juncture, whose Experience can better furnish us, than our younger heads are capable of finding out.

First, (reply'd *Gerardo*) 'Gad I'm extreamly sorry that in your first Amour you shou'd not only meet with so many Obstacles, but should take such ill Methods in the Prosecution of it; for the Conduct of your Passion shews that you took wrong measures all along.

'Tis you therefore, (*said the Count*) that must put him in the right path, from which his unexperienc'd Youth has made him deviate.

That shall be my task, my Lord, (reply'd *Gerardo*) tho' 'tis now a more desperate case, than if right measures had been taken at first. Alas, (*interrupted Montano*) I hope what's past, has not render'd the Disease incurable?

No, no, (*reply'd Gerardo*) have a little Courage, the Fair as well as Towns are won, by assurance and constancy. I wou'd therefore desire both you and my Lord, to lay aside all this great trouble that possesses you.

As for me, (*said the Count*) the only care and trouble that affects me in this Affair, is the grief of my Friend, who was continually possess'd with all the Ravings of a Man, that wholly gave up himself to Love. He's deaf to all that I can urge, and Reason; brings him no relief. Ah, my Lord, (*reply'd Montano*) he that pretends to be a Lover, and at the same time to be govern'd by Reason, is but a Hypocrite.

Why is Love then (*said the Count*) so irreconcilable an Enemy to Reason, that it can never cohabit with it? Oh! without doubt (*reply'd Gerardo*) they are at mortal odds, for Reason in all things prefers a *medium* as the surest basis of all *Certainty* and *Good*, but a *mean* in *Love* is as odious as in Poetry. Right, (*assum'd Montano*, for 'tis but indifference disguis'd in another word, and what is so contradictory in Nature, as an *unconcern'd* and *indifferent Lover*? True, (*pursu'd Gerardo*

rardo) for indifference banishes Desire, and he that's once free from Desire, is no longer in the number of the *Loving*; for *Love*, is nothing but an unsatisfi'd desir'd Union, and becoming, as much as Nature will allow, one with the Object we admire. I find, (*reply'd Montano with some satisfaction*) that you *Gerardo* have known what Love is, since you give so very good an account of its Nature, for tho' we cannot all be like *Salmacs* transform'd, or as I may better say; swallow'd up into the very same Being with our Mistress, yet certainly no Lover, if he Lov'd as I do, but wou'd desire a perpetual Union, and ne'er be parted from, but eternally be cleaving to the fair one he adores. —

But if you once grant (*interrupted the Count*) that *Love* is so very great a Foe to *Reason*, you must give one leave to infer, that the first can't be admitted without the abdication of the latter, and if so, (abstracting from the case of my Friend) all the pity he deserves, that gives himself up to that Passion, is a Slabb'ring-Bib, or *Bedlam*, since he must be either a Fool, or a Madman, or a perfect *Brute*, Reason being

being the only distinction betwixt Man and Beast; for I can't think, either the substance and form of Humane Kind, essentially different from that of Brutes. My Lord, (*said Gerardo*) you speak as if *Love* were a voluntary Passion, which we might either admit, or avoid as we please, and if so, certainly what you observ'd wou'd hold good, but it being wholly involuntary, and a Power that we can't resist, I presume the unhappy Patient, merits as much pity, as those, whom Fortune or Distempers renders miserable. Be that as 'twill (*answer'd the Count*) if indifference be a fault in *Love*, I'm sure all beyond moderation is distraction, and which, I thank my Stars, I never yet was subject to. Your Lordship, (*reply'd Gerardo*) is too wise for your Age, for whatever the fancy'd Happiness of extravagant *Love* may be to such Lovers, I'm perswaded the moderate Lover meets with as much in reality upon Tryal. And for my part, I can say this for my self, (*contin'd he*) that my Passion never rose above an *Amour*et in my Life.

I have often been sensible of Love, enough to make me desire to possess, and to follow the Chase, with just so much

much *Ardor*, and *Industry*, as wou'd not discompose my ease and content; but as for *Solliloquies*, *Nocturnal Ravings*, and *daily sighs*, in the absence of my Mistress, I was utterly a stranger to 'em; when I thought of my Mistress out of her presence, the Pleasure of the last visit, the coming Joys of the next. If she was cross, I adjourn'd my Address till she was in a better Humor, diverting my self with my Friend and a Bottle, or something else, till I met with the lucky opportunity. But if Passion did ever make me sigh out of her hearing, I soon stifi'd the eruption with this Maxim, that no Woman, cou'd alwaies resist, but like the most impregnable Forts, must be won by *Storm*, *Starving*, or *Capitulation*. This made me always easie to my self, and my acquaintance.

I never discover'd the impertinencies of a Lover, unless by chance I fell into the Company of some familiar Friend of hers, who might more efficaciously than the *Wind*, waft all my sighs to her fair Bosome. Then indeed I'd admit no other Discourse, but of her Perfections, and the destroying extravagance of my Passion. Then I shook hands.

hands a while with Mirth and good Humor, and gave a free passage to sighs, and all the open marks of languishment and Love; pathetically complaining of her Cruelty, and my misfortune, in having the truest and most violent of Passions slighted, or at least not regarded, with that tender pity it deserv'd.

But then all this was not lost, but to some purpose, for tho' my Mistress heard not this her self, yet it was sure to reach her at the second rebound with advantage. For I commonly in this case, made choice of a Woman, who I was sensible cou'd not contain a Secret, either from her it concern'd or all the World. And this better proclaim'd my Affection, and gave more satisfaction to the Lady I Lov'd, than a meagre face, eternal ill humour, and frantick ejaculation, either alone or in all Companies.

Thou wer't a Lover for my Mony (*said the Count*) and didst know how to extract Pleasure out of all circumstances, which is the best sort of Chymistry. And I wish my poor Amorous Friend here, cou'd follow this Example; but he does not only vex and torment

ment himself to no end or purpose, but by banishing Reason, as an Enemy to his Love, depriving me of all remedies of his Distemper, in either extinguishing, or satisfying his Passion.

So much the unhappier I (*reply'd Montano*) who am depriv'd of all means of obtaining *Bracilla*, tho her Embraces alone can cure my tortur'd Soul.

You blindly keep your self in an Error (*said Gerardo*) by perswading your self, that there is no way of obtaining her, because by taking the wrong, you have hitherto been unsuccessful. Follow but my instructions, and if thou dost not gain her without the expence of another sigh, then I'll quit all my pretences to intrigue, and subscribe my self a most egregious Blockhead.

Gad, and if thy Counsel (*said the Count*) be successful (for that's the Test of all Excellence you know in our Age) thou shalt be receiv'd as Grand Master of the new Order of Knights of *Intrigue*. I'm sure I shall value him (*pursued Montano very seriously, and sigh'd*) as my deliverer as long as I live; and I'm Impatient to hear him; therefore pray proceed,

First then (said *Gerardo*) you have all along taken a wrong method, by imagining an Actress mov'd by those generous Principles that Women of Education and Honour do. Sighs, Long-Suffering, and true Faith may win the best Quality, but move only the laughter of the other, and gratifie her Pride. And *Bracilla*, from a Child has been train'd up in the Play-House, and Interest was instill'd with all the little Arts of Design into her before she cou'd take any more generous Sentiments. In short, 'tis Money that must buy your satisfaction, if it center in a Player. But you must not mistake me, there is an art ev'n in giving, you make not a bare bargain with her as with one of the Retainers of Mother *Creswell's*; there is more decorum to be used in the affair, and almost as much caution as in corrupting a Minister of State of a Foreign Prince.

You must know therefore, that there are a sort of very convenient Ladies, some of the more plain dealing call *Bawds*, but Men that have occasion for 'em; Friend, Mother, or any other civil name. These, as
well

well as Poets, are free of the House, and give daily attendance in the Pit for the good of their Clients, both of the Company, and their stragling Dependents. You must therefore apply your self to *Coromella*, or *Britanella*: The first indeed is now too well known and antiquitated, and not therefore so efficacious with those that pass for the Virtuous part of the Theatre or Town. But yet by a *Circumbendibus*, as Father *Dominic* says, we may do your business. Of her you'll soon learn the price you must pay for your pleasure, with the Fee that belongs to her self in the affair, your best way is to make it no purchase no pay.

All the Preliminaries being adjusted with her, you need trouble your self no farther, but eat, and drink, and sleep well, to fortifie you self for a vigorous Enjoyment, for all the rest she'll take care of; be you but punctual in your Payment, and you may have the Chastest, not of the Theatre only, but of the Town too at your desire: If the Devil and Woman can do't, and when such a force joyn to corrupt what by Nature

ture tends to evil, I think we may without rashness conclude a certainty of our Possession.

But if she shou'd (*interrupted the Count*) set so damnable a price on her self that my Friend can't reach it? Never fear that, (*replied Gerardo*) for the love of Money so possesses them, that some of 'em have taken the very Buckles out of their Gallants Shooes, and Garters rather than not get something; nay, I have been told by some that knew that one of them had a considerable quantity of Silver and Gold Buckles by her, all earn'd by the soft Embraces she bestow'd, especially in these circumstances, where a Bawd is interest'd, the price will be the more reasonable. But if you were to court her by Money, without this provident proxy, the several kinds of Presents you must make wou'd be too excessive, but like other Traders, they afford their Commodities at under rates to one another that each may get by them.

For my part (*said the Count*) I highly approve of your Counsel, and think you have prescribed the surest and most easie way of Happiness to my

my Friend, and I wish he were in an humour of putting it straight into execution. Nay, if he be so Wedded (*replied Gerardo*) to the Virtue of his Mistress, and his own Torments, that he'll not take wholesome advice, I've done with him, and give him o're for lost; for believe me, a modest and humble Passion will succeed with no Woman, much less with an Actress, that by her Profession denies all notions of bashfulness. Women in general, and those in particular, stoop only to the forward and the bold, or else to all Charming, Witty, Eloquent Gold.

Alas! (*said Montano*) I'de give all I'm worth to possess *Bracilla*, especially by her own consent, but I fancy you are mistaken in her, she's exempt from that Mercenary Devil's Jurisdiction that guide the rest of the Females of the Stage. As much as she is exempt (*replied the Count*) from Love and Intrigue, since you see, tho' she be so deaf to you, she can care for the worn-out Carcass of *Monfredo*, in the worst capacity. Nay, my dear Lord, (*answered Montano*) mistake not, I am very willing to try all means

means to satisfy my eager longing, and 'twas only my fear suggested what I said, having hitherto been so unfortunate in my Addresses to her. But let us put this Advice in Execution as soon as possible.

'Tis now (*said Gerardo*) I believe, about the end of the fifth Act of the Play, and if you design any thing to night with *Coromella*, you must get in before the Play be done. I'll send my Man in (*replied the Count*) to fetch her hither to us. No, no, you are out, my Lord, (*said Gerardo*) for she's a Bawd of better Quality, than to be at the beck of a Footman. Therefore if you have no mind to remove, I'll go to her my self, and convey her to you immediately before the hurry.

The *Count* and *Montano* thanked him for his offer, and accepted of it, and whilst he was gone, took care to bespeak an Excellent Supper to entertain *Coromella* that Evening, as an earnest of her future expectations. They had no sooner given Orders for this, but *Gerardo* brought in the Bawd set off to the greatest advantage the Gravity of her Profession would admit ;

mit; who, after the Salutes of the Company, Seated her self, and pledg'd them a Glass or two of Sack; for that was her Liquor, especially in a Morning, when she us'd to drink a new Egg in each Glass, but now understanding there was a good Supper coming, she wou'd not spoil her Stomach.

There was little said to the purpose till after Supper was over, and the Waiters withdrawn. Railleries and general Reflections on all the absent they knew of both Sexes pass'd away the time. But now being alone, and their Glasses moving gently round, *Gerardo* began to open the case, and inform her of the Occasion that Company had then to be oblig'd to her, telling her of the desperate condition young *Montano* was in for *Bracilla*.

Alas ! poor Gentleman (*said she*) is this young Cupid that doats on our coy *Psyche* ? I am the unhappy Wretch (*replied Montano*) that dies for the Possession of *Bracilla* ; which I have in vain pursued this Twelve-Month, and must despair of, unless you can give me any hope. Hope ! (*assumed Gerardo*)

rardo) hope is almost as great a crime in those that confide in the exquisite *Coromella*, as despair; for it lessens her Reputation: You may be sure, infallibly certain of success, if she say the word.

Then on her saying that word (*replied Montano*) depends all my happiness. But there is some other preliminaries (*interrupted the Count*) to be adjusted before she passes her Parole in this case. My Lord has reason (*pursued Gerardo*) for *any Labourer is worthy his hire*. I think her so worthy of hers (*replied Montano*) that she shall be her own Carver. Well, Sir, (*said Coromella*) as our Profession is more natural than that of a Lawyer, so are we more generous; for till I have made you happy, I'll have no *Fee*, and then——And then (*interrupted Montano*) thou shalt command my all——Then, Sir, you shall be your own Carver (*pursued Coromella*) for 'tis a thousand pities that such a pretty young Gentleman as you should languish in vain, for whom a hundred Virgins die; some, to my knowledge, wou'd purchase your Embraces, at as high a rate, as you wou'd those

those of the ill-natur'd *Bracilla*. As ill-natur'd as she is (*assumed the Count*) I hope you can new mold her, and make her face so us'd to frowns put on a more acceptable form, and bless my Amorous Friend with the *doux yeux*, and wanton smiles. Never doubt me, my Lord, (*replied Coromella*) no Man can upbraid me with promising more, than I perform'd, and if your Friend will be directed by my advice, he shall not be two nights without her in his Arms, and then let him do with her what he thinks fit.

All this while the Glass went briskly round, and the Bawd liking her Company, and being pretty well entred, began to be a little free in her expressions, and therefore went on in this manner.

If the World (*continued she*) had not a wrong notion of things, we should yet be in more request, than we are; and you young Sparks who build your Success on the merits of your Youth and Parts, wou'd be our Customers, as well as the Graver sort. We should be as much sought after by the lewdest and most open Debauchee, as by the secret and private Sinner,

Sinner. But the World moves in all things by false Principles, especially in Amour, I mean the less considering part of it. For some will not be at the expence of a Bawd they cry, tho' they throw away in Presents to the Nymph, and her Chamber-Maid three times the value, and to less purpose, and sometimes to none at all. I'll maintain it I'll get five of the finest, chastest, and most Religious Ladies in Town for the Expence of a *Beau's* Gaining the good Graces of an Attorney's Daughter, who is above half Debauch'd to his hands by her Birth and Education. I tell you the World is grown so foolish, that it prevents the very design of Amour and Intrigue, making a toil and fatigue of that which ought only to be pleasure. They shall sit up whole Nights to Serenade their Mistresses, pursue her from one place to another, be forc'd to venture their very lives in the very act of Delight, in the Closet perhaps with the Wife when the Husband's a Bed in the Room, or in his Bed when he's coming up Stairs, so the Lover must jump out of Window,

dow, break his Neck or Limbs, Reputation, or all; and only because he will have his own way, and neglects to have recourse to us, who wou'd make him happy with less expence, less trouble, and less hazard, But let these Sparks e'en take it for their pains, if they come out of their Mistresses Beds Capons, tho' they went in Cocks of the Game, or pay a swinging Fine, to satisfy the Ravenous Cuckolds, to redeem their Carcasses.

Prithee, thou plead'st for thy Interest (*interrupted Gerardo*) for Men love that Pleasure which they purchase hardly, as Women and Fops value things for being far fetch'd and dear bought.

Those are wretched Mortals indeed (*replied Coromella*) that, like old Letchers, place their delights in stripes; a Man of Sense and Vigour needs none of these provocations, and falls too whenever the Victuals are set before him, tho' he was not at the pains of earning them. Gads

D

my

my life (*continued she*) you'd extend the Curse of Mankind farther than 'twas intended, by making him earn his Pleasure, as well as Food, by the sweat of his Brow.

Prithee Gerardo (*said the Count*) interrupt not the Lady, methinks her discourse is extreamly pleasant and reasonable. Pray, Madam, proceed, for I assure you, you have almost made me a Convert to the Method you propose. But what certainty of Success has a man, if he put his Cause into your hands?

That is according to the Merits of the *Client* (*replied she*) that is his Purse or Generosity; for, Sir, we have no Causes in *Forma Pauperis*, and he that has Money, and will yet starve a good Cause, deserves to lose it.

Spoken like an Oracle, by Heaven (*said the Count, and smil'd*) but supposing nothing wanting of the *Client's* side, what assurance has he of Success? Infalible experience (*replied*

plied Coromella) for I defie the World to say that the endeavours of a Mistress in her Profession ever fail'd. I'm sure I may, without a lie, boast, that from the Girl of seven to the Matron of Seventy, I have never been foil'd to this day, which is at least the thirtieth Year of my Profession.

Girls of seven (*interrupted the Count*) why sure you deal not in such unripe commodities? Ah! my Lord, you lye under a very great mistake (*replied she*) for here as well as in the *Indies*, we have some of our Sex ripe before that age, at least in mind, if not in body. I have known some have Children before they reach'd the teens, and not one in a thousand keeps her Maidenhead to a dozen Years of age, if handsome. Why I my self, my Lord, can't remember that ever I was a Maid, for from an Infant I dally'd with my equals, and so proceeded till I came to be Mans meat, else I cou'd never have arriv'd to all the

Perfections in the Noble Mystery I profess.

'Tis indeed a Mystery, (*said Montano*) I shou'd be glad to hear a farther account of it, since I must owe my happiness to't, if you, Madam, think fit to give us that satisfaction.

I think I may be free here (*replied she*) Mr. Gerardo knows enough of it already, not to be scandaliz'd, and tell tales out of School; and for you two, one of you have an immediate, and the other, in good time, may have a dependance on me; to gratifie you therefore, and to divert you from your amorous Anxiety, I'll tell you some part of our Art.

You must therefore, Gentlemen, know (*continued she*) that as ev'ry Soldier won't make a Hero, so ev'ry Woman can't make a Bawd, I mean a Bawd of Quality, for I'll not descend to your poor Relations of prostituted Whores, in Allies and by

by Streets, for she must be a Woman of Parts, one that has not only made true observations in the Natures of Men and Women, so as to tell immediately their several Inclinations, but also can reduce them all to practice, can have her baits all adapted to the temper of those they are to engage; they must know perfectly the where, the when, and the how, and be brisk in following each close, one false step spoils the whole affair. They must be thoroughly acquainted with the Vices the Woman they are to gain is infected with, for all have some Predominate one, or other, to which she Sacrifices her Virtues. Whether she be Proud, Covetous, Wanton, Revengeful, Jealous, &c. And this being known, 'tis easie to manage that Vice to our end, by making all our baits flatter it, and bring it to a perfect Mastery of all her faculties.

Then the Method of Address is admirable, some Women I can go to my self (no matter whether I ever see them before, or no) and as I

find them stand affected, can apply my discourse ; grow intimate with her, and bring her to the opportunity, and then what Woman resists? If the fair one be a Tradesman's Wife or Daughter, 'tis an easie matter, the buying a few trifles gives me admittance ; if a Lawyer's, a petty Cause, some sham Suit to ask advice about, and one Fee does it ; but then I take the time when the Husband's from home, and to get to the speech of the Lady, if she of her own accord emit me not in, I pretend some Female indisposition, and desire to speak with her on that account.

In short, there is no Woman whose Husband has any concerns in the World, but those concerns shall afford me, or my Agents, an access. But if she be poor, there needs little Apology, the Yellow Boys shall make her rather court me.

Agents (*interrupted the Count*) why have you your Dependants and Spies, and under Officers? Yes, my Lord, (*replied she*) and that in all Dresses and

ply and Degrees, at least, such as can
 with form themselves to any. If the La-
 rtu- dy be hard of access, then we dispatch
 ts? such as are never deny'd admittance,
 n's some with Curiosities and Bawbles to
 at- sell, or *Indian* Ware, and be sure the
 me most taking we only carry Patterns
 ty of, and profess we never shew any
 ice more out of our Houses: The Lady's
 en smitten with the thing, and the
 d's Husband's never at peace till she be
 ch permitted to go to the *Indian* House,
 rd there the Gallant is in readiness, per-
 e- haps by chance, buying something or
 k other, falls into discourse with her,
 and so by such opportunities, and
 Letters passing with this convenience
 betwixt 'em, matters are at last
 brought to a happy conclusion, and
 the Fopling Rover is bless'd with
 the Embraces of his Lady, tho' ne-
 ver so Rigid and Virtuous; for this
 way where we are employ'd, the se-
 crecy of the business preserves Repu-
 tation, which exalts the pleasure.

But in these Visits to the Wives
 (*said the Count*) don't the Husbands
 sometimes find you out? Once or

twice, indeed (*replied she*) in my life, I inconsiderately went to speak to the Wife of a Gentleman that had known the Town very well, and my Person, and Name; sending which up, instead of the Lady, the Husband came, and us'd me indeed, most unmercifully, but I was reveng'd on him; for I got her at last by other means, and I was more cautious for the future.

The *Savoy* for that (*interrupted Gerardo*) there I'm sure you were foil'd. Good reason why (*replied she*) the Spark liv'd not long enough to experience my Revenge, I had certainly else paid him in the same kind I did the other.

But I'll tell you one of the most difficult Tasks I ever met with, the Narrative being pleasant, and then Gentlemen I'll take my leave of you, and go about the Affair of the Young Lover here. But Sir, you must be sure to have the Lady's price ready, what ever you do with me. Let me but know both, and I'll not fail
you

you (reply'd *Montano* :) Alas, mine won't exceed Five or Ten Guineas, nor hers, I believe Fifty or a Hundred at most : Reasonable enough in Conscience (said the *Count*) : but prithe to the account of the Intrigue.

Right, my Lord (reply'd she) and by it you'll find I am a Mistress in my profession, and one you may entirely confide on, if your Lordship shou'd ever have any occasion of me.

A few Miles from this City, up the River, there liv'd a Lady, extremely Charming in her Person, and Meen, she was neither too tall nor too short, an exact shape; Light brown Hair, Black sparkling Eyes, a Lip red and full, on which there hung a pretty dewy moisture, as upon Flowers before the Sun has drawn it up: her Arms neatly turn'd, her Fingers taper, and of a good length; in short, she was perfect in all her Limbs, she was marry'd to a Justice of Peace, a young Man, and ev'ry

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way qualify'd for the Peaceable Bench, his Wit, his Person of a middle size, not ugly, but very jealous, which made him keep a very strict Guard on his Wife, who he supposed had not only charms that might enflame all that saw her with the Heavenly fire of *Love*, but also an easie Will to let no Man sigh in vain for her; this Suspicion was groundd on the very means by which he had obtain'd her; which, in short, was thus.

Her Father dying, left her Fortune (which was Considerable) in her own power; and she unwilling to live under the awe of any Relation, took a Lodging in this City, with only one Maid, who was a good Sociable Girl, of an extream pleasant Humour, and lov'd a Cup of the Creature above any Mortal Delight; this she by her Cunning insinuations brought her young Mistress to, so that in a little time she would never go to Bed sober, or at least very seldom, though she drank with none but the Maid, whose Head was too strong for her.

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The young *Clelia*, for that Name I'll give her, was not long without Adorers, having so much Beauty, and what's more, so much Fortune, to invite 'em; among the rest, her now Husband came, and tho' the worst receiv'd, was the most diligent and obsequious in his Address, nor wou'd give over for any repulse she gave him, but finding her so averse to him, his thoughts were wholly employ'd how to make her less Cruel to him, and nothing seem'd more promising, than to gain the good will of the Maid, who he found had no small influence over her. He found she was a true *Chambermaid*, and would sell her Mistress to any one for Money, which this Gentleman was liberal enough of to her, but much more of his Promises upon success; which, tho' she endeavour'd with all the Zeal Interest cou'd inspire, prov'd to no purpose; but being unwilling to lose the advantage she hop'd from this Spark, she told him one day, that if he wou'd follow her Advice, she wou'd deliver her into his possession; and after that he wou'd have no cause to fear but
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the event wou'd fully answer his desire, if it were not his own fault.

This put new life into our Lover, that had an equal passion for both *Clelia's* Person, and Fortune, and made him repeat his Promises to her of an ample Reward, for so grateful a Service. Upon this, she inform'd him that e'ry night *Clelia* us'd to drink so freely with her, that she most commonly knew not how she got to Bed the next Morning: That 'twou'd be an easie matter for him to possess her without any resistance, being admitted at that time; and that if any Consequence came of this unusual Intrigue, of *Clelia's* being with Child, that then he need not fear but that she wou'd, for the security of her own Reputation, be less averse to Marriage, and receive him with more favour; that to take off all other Pretenders shou'd be her task, so that he shou'd assure himself of attaining the extent of his desires.

He was extreemly pleas'd with the Project, and satisfy'd himself, that
if

if at last he fail'd of gaining her Portion, by making her his Wife, yet he shou'd at least be happy in the possession of so Charming a Person, and that in so strange and uncommon a manner. Well, the night comes, the Maid plies *Clelia* harder with Glasses than ever, not without mixing Friends to *Venus* in the Liquor, which was still advanc'd by the Discourse that was on purpose brought in by the Maid to stir up warm desires, when the Wine had already heated her blood; and all this had so good an effect, that when now she was going to Bed, she discours'd how welcome any Man wou'd be to her, if he had the happiness to attack her in that Condition, whilst the softer thoughts, and Ideas of Pleasure dissolv'd her Mind, and the effects of the Wine had enervated her Body, so that she could make little resistance.

As soon as she was a Bed, the fumes of the Wine prevail'd, and usher'd in sleep, and then was the Spark admitted by the Maid, who soon

soon undress'd him, and jump'd into the Bed, and with the same motion took possession of the resistless Nymph. In the midst of possession she seem'd to be pleas'd, and, tho' in her sleep, met him with equal fire, he repeated as often as possibly he cou'd this stoln delight, in hopes to effect what he now the more long'd for, enjoyment having encreas'd his flame, having found such wondrous Raptures where he only acted the *Lover* on a meer Passive Lady.

This he repeated several Nights, and in the Day time kept away, as if he had given over his Suit. *Clelia* finds in a few Months strange alterations in her, and cannot divine the Cause, consults the Doctors, who informs her she was with Child, she deny'd she ever knew Man, but yet on serious reflection remembered how often she had been entertained after hard drinking, with the most Ravishing and Transporting Dreams of Love, she in short, began to suspect some foul Play from her Maid, and therefore the next Night pre-

pretended to be overtaken in Drink much more than she really was, and being in Bed, her Lover was admitted, and she being really fal'n asleep before he came, he got not only into Bed, but into the Extasies of a happy Lover, before she wak'd, the pleasure was too great for her to resist the coming Joy, but she clasp'd him (not knowing who he was) in her Arms, return'd his Embraces with an unusual Fire; but he not yet suspecting any such matter that she was awake, gave her a hundred kisses as he lay by her, and with all the panting sighs of a yet longing Lover, wanton'd with her Bosom, run his wand'ring Hand all over her, at last he being ready again to repeat the flutt'ring Transports, she pretends to wake in the first attempt, and pushing him gently from her, ask'd him, as if her Maid, what she meant by that posture she found her in, and moving her hand about the Bed, pretended a great amazement at the discovery she made that it was a Man that had her at that disadvantage, and jumping from him, sent out

out a Shriek that startled the Maid in her Bed, but she thought the Spark more a Man than not to stop her Mistress's mouth from making any farther disturbance; for following her close, he with words and force brought her to a more pleasing Consideration of the affair, assuring of Marriage as soon as they rose, if she wou'd but accept of it, and in the midst of these Intreaties, pleas'd her so well, that tho' *Clelia* was enrag'd at her Maid's Treachery, in betraying her to the Arms of a Man that had been much her aversion, yet she cou'd not resist the vigour of his On-sets, but with her consent to marry him, gave him a taste of those Joys he had before experienc'd but by halves. Often that Night they repeated their Embraces, and *Clelia* lost all her indignation in the Arms of her Ravished Lover.

Hoffman (for so I must call him here) gaining his *Clelia* in this manner, and being now sure of both her Person, and Fortune by Matrimony, grew very jealous of her, she still as
often

often as she cou'd, gratifying her desire of Drinking to excess, and was always then extreamly amorous. He began to think that he might be made a Cuckold by the same means he had made himself a Husband, and therefore dispatch'd the Instrument of his Incest with less Generosity than he had promis'd her, which made her ever after his Enemy, and on her going away ask *Clelia* a thousand Pardons for betraying her to one she found now wou'd make so ill a use of the happiness of possessing one of the greatest Beauties in the Nation, by rendring her life so unhappy as she fear'd his Jealousie wou'd hers.

Her Tears and Protestations of Repentance reconciled her to *Clelia*, and they parted very good Friends, both Meditating how they should be reveng'd of *Hoffman's* Ungenerous dealing, who watched her Actions, and Eyes, so that the least look she cast towards any Man increased his Jealousie, and made him redouble the strictness of the Guard he set over her, till at last he Confin'd her like

a Prisoner within the Walls of their own Garden, or his own Company abroad, to visit a Relation, and that of her own Sex. Yet in this Confinement he was always very fond of her himself, and used no other injury to her, but the depriving of her of that Liberty so Naturally desired by all, especially by us Women.

The only Place she was admitted to the View of Mankind was in Church, and there each Sunday she made a Thousand Slaves; but, alas, they must be all unhappy, for this Dragon of a Husband keeps this Golden Treasure too well, to let any of them gain the least relief.

Among the rest, my Lord, the Count of ——— taking the benefit of the Country Air one Summer, in that Place, saw her at Church, was extreamly in
Love

Love with her, and by his eyes told her what hers had done. Nor did she endeavour to conceal the confession of hers, that, if in her Power, he should not always sigh in vain. They had the satisfaction every Sunday, of reading the Mutual Pangs of Love in each others Eyes, but could not by all his Industry, and her Contrivance, effect any means of arriving at so much as the happiness of an Interview; so well had *Hoffman* placed such about her, that always Countermin'd all her designs; and being Old and Envious, would not be brought to assist her Pleasures, since they were Incapable of such themselves.

The *Count* being Passionately in Love, and finding all his attempts of satisfying his Passion in vain, had at last recourse to
me,

me, and by his Gnerosity, and the desperateness of his Condition, prevailed with me to leave the City, and try what I could do to make him happy. I found it a difficult task I must confess, but yet at last effected it, in this manner.

I soon Learn'd that *Hoffman* had been bred to the Law, but though by his native want of Abilities, he made but little progress in that Study, yet the Love of Money made him endeavour at Practice in that Place, and in some measure he Succeeded among the more Ignorant of the Country.

On this Knowledge I built the after happiness of my two Languishing *Lovers*, I first brought my self intimately acquainted with the Parsons Wife who had

had free admission at *Hoffman's* House, as being both Old and Morose, and a profess'd hater of the Vices of this Age, and an extoller of the *Platonic* way of Love. I Humoured the Ecclesiastical Lady so well, that I was her Intimate and Bosome Friend, and complaining of a Wrong that I had done me, assuring her I would do my self Right by Law, if I could meet with a Lawyer I could have any Confidence in; she wished me to Esquire *Hoffman*, their Worthy Parishioner, and a Man of Fidelity and Estate, and was also a Right Worshipful Justice of the Peace of that County. This was what I expected, and therefore she had me to his House, to inform him of my Case; but it happened that he was not at

at Home, and that I might not lose my Labour, she introduced me as a Visitant to the Lovely *Clelia*, who, in her Domestick Undress, in which we surprizd her, look'd indeed so Charming, that I wished my self a Man for her sake. The poor Soul seem'd extreamly Melancholly, and Sighed abundantly all the while I, stayd, but going away, as the Parsons Wife went first, I as if I were Comforting her, Shook her by the Hand, and Clapped into it a Letter from the Count, and so departed, understanding that her Husband could not come home that Tide.

I marked

I marked the Blushes of Joy and Surprize that cover'd all her amiable Face, and gave the longing *Count* a Relation of all that I had done, and promised to make him happy in a very little while, in spite of all the Eyes and Guards of Jealousie. He was something Pleased, at least, that he had by Letter imparted his Passion to her, and hoped that by the same means he might receive an answer from her; which, if as kind as her Eyes had often made him hope; he perswaded himself, that, by my assistance, his happiness could not be far off.

The next day the Spiritual Lady and I went again, to speak with the Husband, though my main business was to speak with the Wife. We came before he arrived from the City, and were
extreamly

extreamly welcom'd by the fair Captive; and I had many an indulgent look cast on me, as if the only help of her Misfortunes. Her Husband at last coming, the Spiritual Lady went to him to give him some account of my business, and her care of serving him, when ever it came in her way, to Insinuate to him, that she likewise hoped, he would also Remember her Husband, in return of the Obligation.

Whilest she and *Hoffman* were thus engaged, I and *Clelia* passed our time more agreeably. I presented her another Letter from the Count, and informed her how Passionately he Doated on her, and that 'twas pity to make so Young, and so

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so accomplish'd a Gentleman perish in his Youth, only because he lov'd her.

Alas ! return'd Clelia, 'tis not in my power to make him less miserable if I had the Will, nor do I know whether I have that, unless you'll please to give me some account of his Person ; for I confess, that I have often seen a Gentleman in the Church, speak a thousand soft and tender things with his Eyes, and have taken some Pleasure in that Discovery, his Person being every way so amiable. He is (replyed I) very young, of a middle stature ; wears a dark Wigg ; has the Eye of an Eagle ; with all the softness of a Cupid in his Face ; his Limbs and Body very well shap'd : And Madam (concluded I) a Tongue, that would Charm beyond all things, cou'd you but hear him talk.

Alas ! (replyed Clelia, and sigh'd) but that's Impossible, I'm sure ; I'm here kept a close Prisoner by my Husband, and permitted the Company of none but the Ugly, the Old, and the Envyous of my own Sex ; and I wonder at your dexterity of gaining admittance to me, since none but the Parsons Wife has interest enough in him to do it. Well, Madam, (said I) may I assure the Count (for of that Quality is your Lover) that he may hope you

have no aversion for him. You may, (return'd she) but what will that avail him; for had I as ardent a desire to meet him as he pretends to have to meet me; Alas! 'tis impossible; therefore tell the lovely stranger, (for I find by your description of him, 'tis the Gentleman I so oft observed at Church) I wish he could forget me, and that I could not think of him, for both our happiness. I might with some patience have born this unnatural Captivity my Husband has put me into, if I had not seen him. She said no more, but blushing, delivered me an Answer to the Counts first Letter. I then told her that it must, by her Conduct and mine, be contrived to gain an interview betwixt them, and that if she followed my advice, it could not fail, since her part was so easie to act in our design; being only obliged to speak very ill of me to her Husband, when he mentioned me after I was gone; and that she should say I was by much worse natur'd than any he had plac'd about her, which made her bear them with the more ease. This she promised to perform, and we had scarce done our Discourse, when her Husband and the Parson's Wife entered.

After the first Complements, *Hoffman* and she took me aside, and I laid my case down to him, which we had contriv'd a very puzzling one before, and withal gave him a Guinea Fee before he said one word: The generosity of his Clyent won his Heart, and I was very splendidly entertained, and all the while I rail'd at the Vices of the Age; the lewdness of some of our Sex; and my detestation of Love, and all Mankind. This encreased *Hoffman's* esteem of me: I praised his abode as the most pleasant I had seen in the Country, and that I had the ill Fortune to be in a very inconvenient Lodging, especially, considering I expected a Niece of mine down in a Tide or two, and had no place to lay her in besides my own Bed, which was inconvenient in the Summer time.

Hoffman Bit at this Bait, and immediately proffer'd me lodging in his House, assuring me it should come as cheap as that where I was already. I made some difficulty of it at first, but at last agreed for lodging and dyet for my Niece and my self; telling him that I was glad to place my Niece there, since I understood she would be safe from the dangerous Addresses of the

Men, (who were continually in pursuit of her for the sake of her Fortune) because he did not give such free admission to them in his House. This pleased him the more, hoping by this means to get into the management of my Nieces Fortune as well as my Law Suit: So after he had given me an absurd Answer to my Cause, which I nevertheless extol'd, he desir'd to consider further of it, and to consult some of his Brothers of the Long Robe, on a point that seem'd too intricate to him. That he would in a day or two go to Town on that account, that my business might not miscarry by his fault. I told him as soon as my Niece came, I'd convey her immediately to his House, which I looked on as a safety for her Reputation and Vertue.

Having brought things to this condition at our first meeting with *Hoffman*, I left him full of Mountanous Hopes, and return'd to the Amorous Count with so much happy news, beyond even his expectations; and nothing but the Person of *Clelia* could pleasure him beyond the Letter I brought him from her. He vow'd an eternal gratitude to me for my industry to serve him, and read the Letter

with all the Extasie of a Lover.

'Twas penn'd indeed extreamly fine,
 (for *Clelia* had had a generous Education) and with that pretty Innocence,
 discover'd the acceptable secret of her
 Passion for the *Count*; that it fixed his
 admiration of her, deeper than all the
 Beauties he had seen in her Face and
 Meen: A thousand extravagant sayings
 he utter'd, like all young Lovers, and
 run on till my patience was quite spent;
 and I was forced to interrupt him, to
 tell him he must immediately away to
 the City, and dispose of his Servants,
 and dress himself in Womens Apparel,
 and cause all that growing Down on
 his Chin to be taken away by the root;
 that there should be nothing that
 might make a Tragical end of our so
 well laid Amour; and that he should
 make all the speed back that he was
 able, since his return brought him his
 happiness, in being admitted into *Hoff-*
man's House as my Niece, and a great
 Fortune; where he should be confin'd
 to the Embraces of his *Clelia*, till filled
 with Fruition, he should have a double
 obligation to me, of not only gratify-
 ing his desires, but also of curing them
 by the fulness of Pleasure.

He embraced me with so much Vi-

gor on these words, that I thought he took me for his *Clelia*, and therefore wou'd make no resistance to what he shou'd offer. But my expectation was not answer'd in the way that I thought his first extasie led him, he was too full of *Clelia* to mistake me for her, tho' I was not then so despicable a Creature as to have my favours neglected where I had a mind to bestow 'em.

The Count immediately took Water, and made a most dextrous dispatch, was with me again in two days, dress'd in a very rich *Sultano*, for that was then the Fashion, and brought with him all things that were requir'd for the getting the greater Credit to our pretence; having all the Female Utensils and private necessities, and that of such a sort as were answerable to the Fortune we pretended to; and to say truth, My Lord made an extream pretty Lady, tho' something tall in Petticoats; his Eye that was so full of Majesty, gave an extraordinary Beauty to his Face, which was every way well Featur'd, and in that dress confess'd nothing of the Man.

Clelia, in the mean time had acted her part to a Miracle, and so extreamly

ly pleaded against my being admitted as a Lodger, that it made *Hoffman* impatient till we came, and then he met us with all the Ceremonious civility the hopes of so much Intrest cou'd inspire: He saluted the *Count* and me with a great deal of Formality, and immediately ordered his Servants to convey our Baggage to our Lodgings, whilst he conducted us to his Wife, who was ignorant that it was the *Count* that was under the shape and name of my Niece.

But fearing that she should (spight of his disguise) discover him, and so betray her knowledge by Blushes, or he himself by too eager a salute. I diverted *Hoffman*, by asking him a sudden question about my Suit in Law, and he turn'd at the very instant that the Lovers saluted, to answer me, who had plac'd my self so, that his back might be towards 'em this juncture.

Clelia view'd his Eyes with some surprize, and imagin'd she saw something in his Face extreamly like the *Count*, but could not perswade her self 'twas him, he so 'ery way acted the Woman, and as much as possible curb'd his eagerness in kissing her. My doubt being soon resolv'd, I thus spoke to

Clelia. Madam (said I) I commend the Care and Tuition of my Niece to you, and hope that you will be company enough for one another, for I intend no Men shall be admitted to her Conversation, since there's danger in them; and it must be happiness enough for her to converse with so Virtuous and accomplished a Lady as you, all day. Nay, if that will please the young Lady, (said Hoffman) she shall supply my place as often as I am in the City, all Night too, if it were not for fear my Wife would spoil her, and make her think too well of a married Life, and so render her uneasie, till she fling away her pretty self on some undeserving Man or other. Oh! by all means (return'd I) let them lye together as oft as may be, I would have an Intimacy betwixt them, it may the better divert my Niece, Clemene's Thoughts, (for that Name the Count assumed) from the Noise of the World, and make her in love with this delightful Retirement.

The Count had much ado to forbear smiling, to hear so pleasant a device contriv'd by the very Husband of her he long'd to possess, and therefore to defer his happiness no longer than needs must, the Count was resolv'd to try what

what his word might do to obtain it that Night. Therefore, said he, I wish Sir you would spare the Lady this Night, for I am afraid to lye alone the first Night or two in a House I have never lain in before, and my Aunt cannot endure a Bedfellow in the Summer time. O fie, Niece (replyed I) you must not desire to rob the Gentleman of the dear Company of his Wife when he's at home, since 'tis pain enough I warrant to miss her so many Nights, as business obliges a separation, and one of the Maids may serve to lye with you. Oh by no means (replyed Hoffman) I'll not be so rude to give the Lady so ill a Bed-fellow as any of my Servants, they are all old, and troublesome to such young sweet Creatures as Madam Clemene, therefore my Dear, you shall secure her fears this Night or too, nay, perhaps a Week, for I design to morrow to go to Town, in the pursuit of this Ladies Affairs. Clelia innocently submitted to her Husbonds Command, and caressed the Count with a double kindness, since obliged to it by the likeless he had to the Man she lov'd, and by her Conjugal Obedience.

Supper came, and after it, we walk'd on the Terrass by the Water side, and

a Charming and serene Night it was, as ever my Eyes beheld, as if the Heavens smil'd on the happy Lovers. The *Count* 'till Bed time talk'd much to *Hoffman* to give the less cause of suspicion, and all about the pleasantness of his Seat, and the happiness he had to possess it with all the advantages of Marriage.

Bed time now came on, and *Hoffman* conducted us to our several Apartments, but before we separated, I advis'd the Count to discover nothing to *Clelia* till he was in Bed, with her in his Arms, that he might not give any occasion to her to be oblig'd to combat her Modesty in going to Bed with a Man, whom she knew to be so, lest being unus'd to Intrigue, any qualm of Conscience should come and spoil so well laid a Design. I went with the Count to his Chamber, and whilst *Clelia* was undressing in her own, I put him to Bed by that time she came to us; she soon got into Bed, and there I left them, and locking the Door fast, took the Key with me to my Chamber, that so no body should come to disturb 'em till I pleas'd, who was resolv'd to give 'em time enough to spend all their Attilery of Love with
which

which Lovers are so well stock'd the first Night, that day comes often too fast for them.

I had not left them long, but after some little pretty discourses, the Count began to draw a little nearer to her, unable to abstain any longer from so many Extasies of Joys that lay so near, and so much within his Power.

He first took her by the hand, softly press'd it, and conveyed it to his Mouth, and on it fixt a thousand Kisses. 'Tis in vain, Divine Creature (said the Count) for me to pretend to delay my happiness any longer, since the Center of my joy lyes so near me. And so clasping her fast in his Arms, almost smother'd her with Kisses, till he put her so out of Breath with struggling, that she could not cry out, but faintly asked him (now almost in possession of her Heaven of Bliss) if he were the Count of—but still struggl'd, so that he was as far from obtaining as at first. Yes, my Charming Clelia (replyed the Count) I am the Man you name, that have languish'd and dy'd for the Embraces of thee, the fairest and most beautiful of thy Sex, so many Weeks in vain, and am now repuls'd, too cruelly repuls'd, when by so much ~~more~~ I have overcome

all other Obstacles that hemm'd thee round to keep mee from my happiness. — Ah Sir, (replyed Clelia) How can I think you love me, when you would betray me to the Infamy of being a Whore? Oh my charming Love, (returned the Count) why should'st thee, with the Vulgar give so odious a Name to the justest of Actions, can it be ill to reward the sighs of a dying Lover? On the contrary, it is not unjust not to pitty him that loves you to all the extravagance of raving; and with these words, he got into an entire possession of the struggling Nymph, who with a Heart all panting with excess of Pleasure, now calmly permitted whatsoe're the Count would do. The first seem'd to him indeed, but a Sacrifice to gratitude, but she met him afterwards with so equal a fire that discover'd her Love as boundless as his.

But yet his Pleasure was imperfect, the dark hid all the satisfaction of the sight; but when the early day began to afford 'em some light, the Amorous Count being pretty well refreshed by sleep, awaked, and softly drew aside the Curtain, and sed his Eyes upon the lovely fair One; her Charming looks enspir'd him, so that he let his Hands begin

begin to wander about her, and that with such an extasie, that it wak'd her; and then he clasp'd her in his Arms, and once more rifl'd all her sweets, and fed his Eyes with all the wandring Pleasures he found in hers, till they were both lost in the humid Joy.

But, Gentlemen, not to keep you too long on this success I gave the sighing Lover; I shall conclude in short, that thus they liv'd for some time, and there I left 'em, whilst under pretence of business, I return'd to the City; and the Count, and Clelia gathering fresh Love from every Enjoyment, grew impatient of having such an awe upon their Actions, and their delights dash'd with the apprehensions of discovery; Love permitting them to lose no opportunity of happiness, so that scarce a place in the House or Garden, but was conscious of their Amorous Thefts: They concluded so send for me to see if I cou'd any way contrive to set 'em free from the Confinement of the Husband, who had so prudently contriv'd their happy Union. I soon came down to 'em, and upon consideration, found it necessary that they shou'd, with me, leave that place, and fly to the City, where they
might

might enjoy one another with more freedom and Pleasure.

But I had always a peculiar care of the Amorous Fair one, that she shou'd not be at the Mercy of the Gallants constancy, or the Husbands Revenge; I therefore took care that *Clelia* shou'd provide for her self, enough to preserve her in all Circumstances from want, and an absolute dependence ! for she took with her not only what Plate and Money and Jewels she cou'd find in the House, (and from the Garden-Walls put 'em aboard a small Bark I had provided there in the Night) but also all the Writings of *Hoffman's* Estate, and her own, so that she might oblige him to a good and certain seperate Maintenance.

I had an entire Command of the House in *Hoffman's* Absence, so much did his desire of gain bewitch him, and therefore when he was in Town for near a Week, I pretended an order from him to bring his Wife up to Town, without any of her Attendance, but one, to save Charges, and at the same time pretending I shou'd make a longer stay than ordinary before my return; I said I must take both mine, and my Nieces things with me,

All things succeeded as we desir'd, no body scrupled my Authority, especially since one of *Clelias* Servants was to go with us; we took the Evening Tyde, so that it shou'd be near twelve a Clock at Night before we came to Town, where as soon as we arrived, we dispatch'd *Clelias* Servant, to *Hoffman*, to let him know that we were arriv'd, and that his Wife was gone to my Lodging, which I told the Servant was in such a place.

Being thus rid of our only Obstacle, those I had ordered to be ready at the Stairs to meet us, soon convey'd all our things to a place of security, whether the *Count* and *Clelia* and my self followed: The *Count* and *Clelia* went to Bed together with no small Joy, and celebrated the remaining part of the Night with as great a Solemnity as the first they met, esteeming it the first of their happy liberty; and they both ownd the next Morning their Joys, which they thought before beyond bounds, were really then encreased.

The *Count* sent for his Man to bring him his own Cloaths, leaving all his rich Female habits to the disposal of *Clelia*, who valu'd them extremely for
their

their being the fortunate Instruments of their happiness.

To detain you no longer (concluded *Coromella*) a Letter was dispatched to *Hoffman* with the conditions of the redemption of his Writings, viz. a settlement on *Clelia*, and an entire release of his pretensions to her; he at last comply'd, but still persu'd her with fresh Courtship to return to him, when ever he cou'd find her Lodgings out, which she chang'd pretty often to shun his hated visits; for not only the Tyranny he us'd over her when his Wife, but his base treacherous getting of her, had given her a perfect aversion to him. But the *Count* and she continued the Amour, till he in his Youth being unfortunately kill'd, left her more disconsolate than if she had been a Widdow, for so she look'd upon her self to be, and dressed accordingly.

But as 'tis in vain to grieve for what can't be recall'd, so time and my persuasions cur'd *Clelias* melancholly; and as Heaven had form'd her for Pleasure and the satisfaction of Mankind, so she concluded to lose no delight she cou'd obtain, without detrement to her Person, Fortune, and Reputation,
and

and in these Circumstances, I have often been servicable to her; nor is she yet past thirty, nor without all the taking Graces she had when I first knew her, having had but very few Children, for so many Nights, Weeks, and Years of Pleasure,

I am wonderfully taken (said the Count to Coromella) with your Clelia, and you must make me happy in a sight of her. When I have serv'd your Friend (reply'd she) I shall be much at your Lordships service, on that, or any other account. Sr. I hope Montano, will not now despair of success with Bracilla, when I undertake it, who have performed such wonders for the Count and Clelia. Nay, (interrupted Gerardo) dear Coromella, he were a Pagan indeed, that had not an implicit Faith in thee, without the Confirmation thou hast given us, since the Fame of thy Art is not so obscure as to stand in need of Examples to confirm it; let the Quacks in thy Mystery, like those in Physick, set out Bills and Attestations of the success of their skill, but thou, like established College Physicians, wilt always gain Practice by thy settl'd Fame and Reputation.

I think indeed (*said Montano*) my Case is not so desperate as that of the Count of — since *Bracilla* is not hem'd in with so many difficulties as *Clelia* was, and so far from being averse to the Embraces of a Lover, that she at this time wantons in those of a Player. Nay, and what's more (*persu'd Gerardo*) she has from an Infant, almost had the Virtuous Education of the Stage, which could not but inspire her with the severest and most Stoical Principles of Chastity, and against Pleasure. No, no (*said Coromella*) the Virtue as well as Pleasure of an *Actress* is her Intrest, and till you gratify that, you must expect no more from her than from a perfect *Lucretia*.

But it grows late (*said Coromella*) and I must leave you, for I'll immediately set my Engines to work for this sighing Lover; and promise him they shall bring her into his Arms to-morrow Night at farthest, and so I take my leave of you, Gentlemen, expecting to find *Montano* to-morrow in the Pitt, where I'll give him an account of the matter, and where, when, and how he shall prepare himself for the *Amorous Rendezvous*.

Here

Here *Coromella* left them, and they soon after broke up, and *Montano* retir'd to his Lodging with more satisfaction than he had for many a Night before. His sleep was not interrupted, and assurance of coming Joy furnished his Dreams with nothing but pleasant Images of the Bliss he hop'd to taste the next Night in the Arms of *Bracilla*. And indeed the Joys of the next Night, were almost as imaginary as that; at least Immagination was fain to supply him with *Bracilla*, whilst he revell'd in the Arms of another: For *Coromella* being a perfect Bawd, had another prospect in the Adventure, than *Montano* or his Friends suspected.

She had told 'em in her Conversation with them, that there was another Lady desperately in love with *Montano*, which was *Clelia*, of whom she gave the foregoing Relation; who had sigh'd for him some three or four days, having discover'd him from the side Box, making his Address to *Bracilla* within the Scenes, for as we have said, *Montano* was young and Handsom.

To *Clelia* therefore *Coromella* went from them, and told her that the next Night

Night, if he thought fit *Montano* should come to her Arms with all the force and vigour of a desperate Lover. *Clelia* was extreamly pleas'd with her proposition, but desir'd to be satisfyed how that could be, since he neither knew her, and was so desperately engaged with the new Charms of *Bracilla*: That *Bracilla* (*return'd Ceromella*) you must personate, if you design to be happy, and you must in your Embraces as much as may be, act the Maid, your Stature and hers agree, and your Face is only different from hers, being infinitely more Charming and Beautiful. You must be cautious of speaking aloud, unless you can imitate her Voice, and never permit him to stay till Day, or let him see you by Candle light; make him undress himself in your Anti-chamber, and come to you in the Dark. And be very coy till he presents you with the price of his happiness in a Purse of Gold. Never (*return'd Clelia*) will I be mercenary to the Man I love especially. Then never must you be happy in him (*reply'd Coromella*) For that is the condition on which we have agree'd, but you shall not need to be mercenary, let me have the Money for my

my care to serve you both, he will have no cause to complain, since I do him no wrong, but put a change upon him much to his advantage if he saw you, and you will meet with the Man you Love, and that full of desire of a starved affection.

Clelia at last agrees to *Coromella's* Proposal, and Sets all things in order for the Nights Adventure; she Baths and perfumes her self, and Chamber, to gratify as many Senses as she could for her young amorous Lover.

In the mean time *Coromella* finds *Montano* in the Pit, and tells him, if he will, he may be happy that Night, but that he must submit to the conditions of the bashful Lady that was to make him happy. *Any thing* (reply'd *Montano*) *any Conditions the divine Bracila shall impose that are consistent with enjoying her.* This he spoke a little too loud, for which she check'd him, but he desired her to excuse the sudden transport of his Joy, and desir'd her to Name her Conditions. No, (said she) *not in this place, but retire to the Tavern where we were last Night, and there we'll discourse further on the point.* He obeyed, and parting from

her, passed from one place to another, and at the end of the Act stole out, and about the middle of the last Act *Coromella* followed him, and found him with a great deal of Impatience expecting her at the Tavern, where he had provided a Collation, and brought the Guineas with him, to carry to the desir'd *Bracilla*, resolving to spend the Night there till the happy Mistress came.

Coromella being come to him, he presses her to let him know the Conditions of happiness. Sr. (said she) you must not yet think to gratify all your Senses, but must be satisfied, that no part of your feeling shall be deny'd its Pleasure, for *Bracilla* is not only a Modest Actress, but stands much on her Reputation, and will not give any young Man as you are a right of keeping her in awe, by being able to tell the World, or her to her face, that you have lain with her, after all her resistance; but that you may know, 'tis her Ton lye with to Night, buy a pair of Fine Gloves, and present her with 'em, and she'll wear 'em to morrow in the Play when she Acts very well dressed. But you must leave her in two or three hours time, because she must be

at home again at her Lodging in some order; and if you think fit to accept these offers and all things else, be in readiness; you may an hour after Play-time go to her, and revel in her Arms till past Twelve; this first time she'll so far indulge you, and in that time my young Lover will not be much grieved to retire to your own Lodging.

Any Conditions I tell you (replied Montano) of my happiness I'll accept of, and such a Testimony as wearing my Gloves on the Stage will be a sufficient proof that I am not deceived by you, here therefore, goe and Buy a pair that may fit and please her. This opportunity pleased Coromella, since she had purchased a pair of the very same make and likeness as Bracila had done for that days Acting, so that she brought them to Montano, and betwixt nine and ten, took Coach for Clelias Lodgings who was in her Night Gown ready for the Bed; when they came, with no fewer wishes, and warm desires than Montano, he having undressed himself and put on a Night Gown, prepared there for him, and paid the Ban'd her Fee, with his Gloves, and Purse of Guinea's, enter'd the Lists of Love,

and soft longing *Clelias* Chamber. Through the Sashes that parted the two Rooms, there came a gloomy Light, by which he cou'd discover her sitting in a Chair near the Bed side, full of sighs and trembling.

Montano ran to her with all the eager Raptures of a transported Lover, but she received him not with an equal ardor, only passively suffered his kisses, and at last push'd him from her, and softly (*said to him*) Pray, Sir, yet forbear to ruin me, and make not use of my easiness farther than an harmless Visit. He imagin'd this repulse caused by his not giving her the Purse of Gold, coming therefore to her again, he with his hand, Clap'd the Purse in her Lap, and found that she had nothing on but her Night-Gown, and that open too before, so that nothing but her shift which was very thin, and fine, (interposed betwixt the most delicious soft flesh in the World and his hand; he soon let fall the Purse, which she immediately convey'd away with one of her hands, whilst he kept his where he had placed the Purse, prest it still closer to his Heaven of Bliss, and at the same time, pressed her pretty Mouth with a thousand Glowing Kisses, which she

now received with some more freedom, the better to Act the mercenary part of such a one as she was to represent ; with that flung off his Gown, and claps her into his Arms, and removed her from her Chair to the adjacent Bed, and with her tumbled on it : She made some struggling, and with that Art behaved her self so, that his first Enjoyment proved abortive ; he accused her of too much Coyness, and then had some time to disrobe her of her Gown which had beed prejudicial to him in his last attempt, and throwing the Bed open, graspt her again with all the Arms of Love, and run over her soft delicious Body with his ravish'd Heart, from which he had rent all Covering, and discovered a thousand unseen Beauties by that gloomy Light, the Curtains shading nothing but her Face. You may imagin twas not long before he gathered new strength, that again he might dye. Tho' twas not without some difficulty he obtained the through possession of the second Bliss ; but after that she met him with an equal Fire, and raised his pleasure to that degree, that she was wholly unwilling to part when

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the

the hour came, and *Coromella* summon'd him away.

A Thousand Kisses he gave her at parting, and desired her to wear these Gloves he had laid on her Table for his sake to morrow at the Play, and to permit him sometimes these favours for which he sigh'd more for after possession, than before. She told him that if he could untell his Blessing, and not contradict her methods, perhaps he should be happy oftner than he expected; but that if he ever mentioned a word of what had pass'd betwixt 'em in publick, or to her in private in the day time, she must for ever bannish him from all hopes of future Pleasure; that she should be oblig'd to be no civiler to him in publick than before, least the World, and *Monfredo*, especially should take notice of the change, he having always a very regard to her Words and Actions, nay, Looks. But since there was something due to Love and him, she would wear those Gloves according to his desire. He with a thousand submissions and thanks, as well as sighs and Kisses, left her, being again importuned by *Coromella* to depart:

There was a Coach prepared for him, and he immediately drove to his Lodging, and slept most profoundly, and waked the next day by Noon with a great deal of satisfaction: He Eat and Drank with an excellent Appitite that day, and from the Tavern, went to the *Chocolate-House*, and drank some of that Indian Restorative, after the fatigue of Amours; from thence he went to the Play, and getting behind the Scenes, was extreamly transported to see those very Gloves as he imagin'd on *Bracilla's* Hands, and a thousand Charms more in her Face then ever he had seen before; heightened by frequent Blushes, which seemed to confess the remains of Pleasure, which they enjoy'd the Night before in one anothers Arms. All these things concurring so, he could not forbear as she went by him, to catch hold of her Hand, and kiss it, but she only snatch'd it from him, and with a Countenance betwixt a smile and a frown at him; all things thus conspired to deceive him, and he no longer doubted but that is was her very self he had received such unutterable joys from; repeating therefore his familiarities, she was

very rude to him, which checked him so, that for fear of offending her by the breach of her Conditions, so as to be excluded for ever from the dear Embraces he still languished for, he withdrew, and retired to his Lodging, there running over his fore-past Joys, he set himself to Writing on this subject.

The

T H E

ENJOYMENT

O R,

Bracillas Heaven.

LONG had the cruel Fair Bra-
 cilla strove
 Against the fierce Attacks of mighty
 Love ;
 Misled by Honour , and affected
 Fame,
 She fled from solid Bliss, for a meer
 empty Name.
 This Fantom was the Cause of all
 my Pain,
 For this alone, I sigh'd so long in
 vain ;
 'Till juster Love pitying my hope-
 less Grief,
 By Gold, and Night brought me a
 kind Relief.

Gold to my Arms, give up the glorious Prize,

Whilst Night veil'd all the shun'd
Confession of her Eyes.

Oh! What a Night was that, ye Powers Divine?

When I lay close within her Arms,
She clasp'd in mine.

O're Loves unbeaten Wilds, I plaid
and rang'd.

Whilst at our Mouths, our wandering
Souls w' exchang'd.

Farewell all Mortal Cares, in haste
farewell,

I'm now where boundless Joys, and
endless Raptures Dwell.

Clelia was in the side Box in a Vi-
sor, and from thence discovered all
that had passed betwixt him and Bracilla,
and therefore dispatched a Messenger
to him, to let him know that she would
speak with him; he was extreamly
surprized at it and rejoiced, he little
expecting so grateful, and sudden a
Summons, but with the Messenger took
Coach, and arrived at the place where

Clelia

Clelia waited for him Undrest, tho not so ready prepared for Love as he found her the Night before, being in a Court with a Maid; and when he came to her, having her Hoods ever her Face, She began to accuse his Indiscretion.

You are not (*said she softly*) a man fit to be trusted with such Favours you aspire to; you cannot better moderate your self according to those Rules I prescribe. Pardon me, my dear charming *Bracilla* (*replyed Montano*) and forgive the first transgression I have done, too much transported to see these Gloves, the dear assurance that it was you indeed that gave me all those happy Joys last Night, but for the future, I'll be more cautious, and will not trust my self so far as to venture behind the Scenes, for fear I should commit some other Offence; therefore my Charming dear *Bracilla*, forgive this one, this little Fault.

Well, if you'll swear (*replyed Clelia*) that you'll never more come behind the Scenes, nor speak to me in the Day time, I'll admit you to plead for your self,

self, and if I like your Arguments, perhaps may forgive you, at least after I have two or three Nights experienced your fidelity and obedience to my Commands.

This is no proper place (*said Montano*) for me to express my Repentance; Passengers came too often by us, and may o're hear us, if you will but step with me into the Coach, there may you hear me better. Well (*replied Clelia*) on Condition that you'll use no other argument but words, I'll venture my self with you, but I'll send my Maid home to make my Chamber ready for me to go to Bed, having had so ill rest last Night; having dispatch'd her Maid, she went with him into the Coach, and when they were in, and the Coach-man asked whether he must drive, he whispered her, and told her, 'twould be better the Coach should be in motion, and that she should direct it to what place she pleased, she yielded to it, being as willing to have his company as he hers; she therefore ordered it to drive slowly on toward such a place, naming that where her Lodging was, and that not very far from that place, In

In the Coach *Montano* pleaded so well, that she cou'd not find in her heart to Act a part so disagreeable to her as anger any longer, which made him Embrace and Kiss her a hundred times. Hold (*said she*) you are already breaking Articles, and employ more in that behalf than Words, contrary to the Conditions of Agreement. You wrong me, Madam (*replied he*) those Conditions were only of force, till I had sufficiently convinced you of my Repentance, which you having allowed all acts now lawful for me. I must confess (*said she*) I shou'd have extended my Considerations, but I did not expect you would make so good a defence as to gain your Cause in so short a time; but it being sufficient to have obtained my Pardon this time, methinks you should not presume to ask any new Favours of me till I think fit to bestow 'em. But *Montano* would not be answered, nor put off to leave her without her permission and leave to follow her up to her Lodging; after she was in, which she at last consulted to, and so led her to the door, discharged the Coach-man, and retired

a little while, till he thought she might have prepared things for their dark and secret Interview.

Knocking at last gently at the Door, she was conducted up to the Anti-Chamber where he had been before, and there found Night-Cap, Gown, and all things in order, and so he disrob'd himself, and sat a little while there till the Maid came out with the Candle from her Mistress, and passed by and left him under Lock and Key, to inform him he should fear no disturbance from that side. But he was a little disturb'd, when trying to open the Sash Doors that went into *Clelia's* Chamber, he cou'd not do it, knocking therefore, the Maid returned with a Light and opened it, and as soon as he was entered fastned it again, and then left the Candle in the Anti-Chamber at a distance from the Sashes.

When he was entered, he found by the gloomy Light, that *Clelia* was seated at a Table with her Hood o're her Face, and on the Table a pretty Collation for two, with Wine and some other Liquors.

Ah!

Ah! Madam (*said he*) what do you prepare such a Feast as this for me, I hope to feed on a more delicious Collation than this, your fair Self I mean; dressed by Love with all the delights of Hearts. Is not once enough (*replied she*) to be wicked, but that you must still desire to repeat it? 'Twould be a folly and wickedness too, (*said he*) should I fall on these trifles, and neglect so divine a Banquet as Love presents me in thy soft tender Arms; on this, this dear, this melting panting Bosom; with that he pressed her so close to him, that she perceived he was too well stored with Love to be delayed, she therefore, as she did with little struggling, permit her self to be born to the Bed, and patiently received all the kind Transports of so dear a Lover.

But having baited at Heaven a while, he then began to parley with the Charming Cause of all his Raptures, and after an hour spent in Bed, yeild to her commands of rising with her, and refreshing themselves with the Collation she had prepared, which was of
such

such a Composition, that little of that Night was lost in Idle talk, and the day comming on, before they were awake the Maid stole in, and waked her Mistress, who finding him fast asleep, step'd out of Bed, and got into her Closet, whilst the Maid waked him, and told him he must make haste away, day being broke, and 'twould be scandalous for a man to be found here when the House was up; That his Mistress was gone home a pretty while since. What without taking leave of me (*said he*) without one parting kiss. Well, I'll revenge my self on her lovely Lipps when next she makes me happy.

In this manner they past many Nights with Joy and all the Extasies of Love, whilst she enjoy'd the Man she lov'd, and he the Woman as he thought he doated on. But at last, being very uneasy to be always thus kept from the sight of her, and oblig'd to lose half the Pleasure of Enjoyment, he was resolved to stay till Day and not part with her till he had seen her in an extasie by Day light. But when he found it was not *Bracilla*, who had thus entertained him; spight of the Pleasures

fures ſhe had given him, and all her real Charms, he ſcarce uſed her Civily, and ſwore revenge on *Coromella* for abuſing his Love, and cheating him of his Money; unleſs ſhe out of hand, put him into poſſeſſion of the true *Bracilla*, for whom he was now more deſirous of than ever, imagining ſhe muſt needs afford a thouſand times more Tranſporting Pleaſures, ſince imagination alone with *Clelia* had done ſuch mighty wonders.

Your fifty *Gnineas*, Sir, (*ſaid Clelia, all in Tears*) tho' I had 'em not, yet I'll reſtore you, for I was never Mercenary, but the Gloves I'll keep for your dear ſake, and with *Bracilla* lov'd you more than I. Pardon me, Madam, (*return'd Montano*) I deſire no ſuch matter, but let her that has got them keep them, provided ſhe make me happy in *Bracilla's Arms*; and Madam, I hope you'll pardon the rude Words, my diſappointed Paſſion made me ſpeak; and tho' I cannot ſerve you after this knowledge of my miſtake, without an Injury to my Love; I hope you will excuſe me if I never ſee you more.

With

With this he left her, and coming to the Play that Night to meet with *Coromella*, he found her not there, for *Clelia* had sent to her, and inform'd her what had happen'd, so that in a great rage he retir'd to his Lodging, and with a thousand Imprecations on the Baw'd that had abus'd his Confidence in her. He saw *Bracilla* that Night on the Stage, more Charming than ever in his Eye, and so raves more than ever for possessing her.

Being come to his Lodging, there met him at the Door, a Messenger with a Letter from *Coromella*, and his fifty *Guineas*. In the Letter she excus'd her self for complying with the Desires of a poor Lady, that was as much Perishing for him as he for *Bracilla*; and that he cou'd not in justice hope for success with her, if he either persisted to be angry with her, who by his deceit had so well amused him with a fancy'd, if not a real happiness. That however since the Secret was now discover'd, she would still put him into possession of *Bracilla*'s Person; that is, she wou'd convey her where it should be in his power, if he wou'd, to convey her away to such a place,
where

where force and perswasion, and many mixt together, might make him happy ; that there was no other way of dealing with her ; That therefore he should be at such a place by such a time the next Day, and there he should find *Bracilla* unattended, and then he might force her into the Coach, and make it drive away whether he pleased.

This Letter calm'd him extremely, and he then began to entertain some hopes, since there was no way of putting a Cheat on him by Day light ; he therefore sent a very obliging Answer, and ten Guineas of the Money back to her by the Bearer, but with a very strict Charge not to fail him at her Peril.

The Lover was at the place with his Coach before the appointed Hour, and soon saw *Bracilla* coming all alone towards it ; as soon as she came near him, he jump'd out of the Coach, and caught her in his Arms, and bore her away into the Coach, struggling, and screaming ; the Coachman soon fasten'd up the Door, and began to drive away

as if the Devil were in him, but by her Screams which he in vain endeavours to stop with his Kisses; the Mobb took the Alarm, and soon stop'd the Coach, and deliver'd the distressed Damsel from him, and he with some difficulty made his escape from them.

Enraged at this ill success, he sought out the Count *de la Lune*, and *Gerardo*, and inform'd them of all that had passed both as to his Natural Intrigue with *Clelia*, and this last Adventure with *Bracilla*, ask'd their Advice what was to be done, for he was now become desperate.

If Bawds begin to fail even with Players (*said Gerardo*) I know not what help to give you, unless the Expedient of a certain French Lover may do. What is that (*said Montano*) pray let's have it, for perhaps it may furnish us with some expedient or other of Relief. Oh! a certain one (*replied Gerardo*, but 'tis like desperate Remedies, 'twill Kill or Cure. Prithee (*said Montano*) torture me not with Delays, but begin your Account.

Why

Why then 'tis thus (replied Gerardo) A Young Gentleman at Paris was two Years desperately in Love with a Lady of that City ; his long sufferings, fidelity, addresses, sighs, complaints, and all the other efforts of Love were all unprofitable: At last being one happy Day all alone with her in her Closet, he declared to her, that since he had found that there was nothing that could touch her hard Heart with any tenderness for him, he was now resolv'd to dye ; That till this time he had used a Language common to all Lovers, but that now he would speak one peculiar to himself ; *And that you may, Madam, (said he to her) not lose the full satisfaction of my Death, and have the pleasure of seeing me dye by degrees; I will Perish by Famine, tho' in your Closet.*

Speaking these words, he flung himself down on the Floor, to begin immediately to dye that very moment. The Lady that thought he only did it to mock her, let him alone; not doubting but that he would in a quarter of an Hour get up again. But the Evening came, the Night followed, and he

he still lay along on the floor of the Closet; then she ask'd him if he were not a Fool or Mad-man? and whether he intended to pass the Night there? He answered not a word, and so the Lady retired.

The Night being passed, Early in the Morning the Lady returned again, and desir'd him to come to his Senses, he only said to her, Madam, *I shall have the honour of speaking my last dying words to you.* Then casting a languishing look towards her, with a deep sigh, he turned away his Head from her.

The third day the Lady more embarrassed and troubled than ever, brings him some warm Broth, but 'tis inexpressible with what a disdain he look'd upon it, his scorn of all relief, but for her, *Love* appear'd in his Face and Eyes.

The fourth Day the Lady began to make Reflections with her self of the Scandal that she should incur. *A Man dead in my Closet (said she) dead by Despair! dead by Famine! Alas! I'm undone! What a noise will this make in the World? Which will never believe the*

the truth of the matter, but make a thousand Scandalous Fests on the unhappy Accident. She was nearly touch'd with so considerable an Evidence of so extraordinary a Passion; and I believe that had as great an influence upon her as the fear of the Scandal. After therefore she had again endeavour'd by perswasions to get him out of her Closet, to no purpose; (*she said to him*) Sir, since all the good reasons I have weyed to you, will not make you comply with me, to hasten and forsake the place; since I find you will rather dye here, if you will but retire from hence you shall possess whatever you please.

The poor dying Lover, turn'd his Eyes full of languishments towards her, and asks her whether he rightly understood her, or whether it were some light headed Phancy, arising from his sickly and dying Condition; but when she confirm'd to him what she had said, fresh Life came into him immediately, and strange and wonderful strength and vivacity, that enabl'd him to possess his Wishes before he left the Closet. The Lady had reason to entertain a good Opinion of her Charms, that
could

could thus recall the Dead to Life.

Now *Montano* (*concluded Gerardo*) if you can undergo this Expedient, you may perhaps be as successful. No, no, (*said the Count*) the Reputation of a Player is not strong enough to make her yield in the same manner, for she would rather Glory in it than be afraid of the Scandal. You are in an Error, my Lord, (*replyed Gerardo*) since the fear of being Endicted for Murder, would make her supply the defect of the love of her own Reputation. However I would not really advise my Friend to trye, but only if he can get such an opportunity of being in a Chamber alone with her, let him employ the perswasive Rhetorick of Gold in one hand, and manly Vigour in the other; and I'm perswaded he will not fail. No, no (*said Montano*) I know my only Bar to happiness; *Monfredo* posses her very Soul, and her Interest and Love combining in him; she will not run the risque of offending him, tho' for the saving the Life of the most loving and foolish Doater of Mankind.

That

That Lett methinks (*said Gerardo*) should be easily removed, if he be so sawcy and insolent as they say he is, and if he will, being the Property of another, interlope in the free Trade, he ought to be punished, or put out of the way a while till you succeed in your Wishes.

The Company after a little time, broke up, and the Count and *Montano* were together toward *Bracilla's* Lodgings, contriving how they should get in to her, and whilst they were walking thereabouts, *Monfredo* came by, and meeting the Count, a little too familiar, begins to Catechise him, and to speak against his Conversation with *Montano*, who he little thought so near. The Place and Language his Rival us'd, concurring with the Vehemence of his disappointed Passion, he drew, and in the Encounter ran *Monfredo* through: He made his Escape, but the Count was taken, and upon a Tryal for the Fact, is clear'd of it by vast odds of his Peers, *Monfredo* Dying the next Day.

Montano in a little time got safe out
of the Nation, but whether this fa-
tal Love expir'd with this Tragedy
or no, I am to seek.

FINIS.

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